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JUN 20 1942

THE NEW
STATESMAN
AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIII. No. 588 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1942 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

Comments . . . . Page 345
As Chungking Sees it 347
Hunger and Romance 347
The United States and The United Nations. By Julian Huxley . . . 348
London Diary. By Critic 349
This England 349
Anti-Semitism and Treachery. By Israel Cohen 350
Love of Petrol. By Y. Y. 351
The Week's Good Cause. By Sagittarius . 351
Plays and Pictures 351
Correspondence 352
From Andrew Tomlinson; Rev. J. D'E. Firth; T. Bowman; Margaret W. Baillie; John R. Baker; Mary Lauterbach; Sylvia Crowther-Smith; Sir G. Gilbert Scott; Free German League of Culture; Harry Roberts; K. M. Parry; Katherine H. Coward and Ida Smedley MacLean; and others.
Books in General. By V. S. Pritchett . . 354
Reviews: Page
New Novels. By Philip Toynbee . . 354
General de Gaulle. By Raymond Mortimer 355
Newsreels from Russia. By Maurice Edelman 356
The B.B.C. in Wartime 357
New Dogmas in Medicine. By Harry Roberts 357
Gramophone Notes. By Edward Sackville West 358
Week-end Competitions 359

WHOSE NEW DEAL?

By two recent speeches Mr. Henry Wallace and Mr. Milo Perkins have made the first contribution to the peace-aims of the United Nations which sounded as if it meant more than pie in the sky. We have been fed to repletion on platitudes and phrases, but here were two men with a record of achievement behind them who gave us at least a general idea of the economic purpose which will guide them in the settlement. Mr. Wallace, who was responsible during eight years, as Secretary for Agriculture, for the boldest constructive work of the New Deal, is not the usual functionless Vice-President: as head of the Board of Economic Warfare he is in charge of post-war economic planning, and Mr. Perkins is his very able chief of staff. Mr. Wallace began by rejecting the popular journalistic slogan, coined by Mr. Luce, that this will be "the American Century." The phrase in the mouth of those who use it conceals a programme of imperialism. On the contrary, he declared, it shall be the century of "the common man." He went on to outline what was really a conception of an international New Deal. The "forgotten men" whom he chiefly had in mind, were the neglected peasant peoples of China, India and Latin America. He turned away as sharply as possible from the imperialistic idea of the past, which sought to confine these "Colonial" peoples to the raising, on a coolie level of bare subsistence, of primary products and declared that they must be helped to "get started on the path of industrialisation." He promised their illiterate masses that "as they become productive mechanics their standard of living will double and treble." That is the proper answer to the Nazi schemes for reducing the peoples of Eastern Europe to the status of helots busied only with agriculture. But Mr. Wallace was not content to criticise the enemy. He declared that "international cartels that serve American greed must go," and he foresaw an international control of cartels "for the common man."

Mr. Perkins had much to say in the same strain, in words that often recalled the inspiration of John A. Hobson. He dwelt on the ability of modern technology to achieve now a high standard of life for the whole of mankind. But we had put up with a civilisation "commodity-rich and consumption poor." He foresaw that Government, which will soon be a customer for half the output of American industry, must when peace comes, "taper off its activities slowly enough to keep production at full blast." In a few sentences he hinted at ambitious housing schemes, and like Mr. Wallace at "the imaginative use of long-term credits to industrialise the backward areas of three continents." The vague talk about "freedom from want" began to mean something when he spoke of "building up mass consumption great enough to use the mass production" within our reach to-day.

To such speeches many of us listen with a sense of envy. They are still only outlines, but they have a perceptible direction, a clear economic idea which we miss in the vague phrases of our own national leaders. On this, however, there follows a question. How far can Mr. Wallace and the able younger generation round him speak for the United States? How far, in other words, does real power lie with them, or is it, in spite of their political victories, still in the hands of those "greedy cartels" which make a scarcity and call it wealth? For a year past, with varying success, the Administration has been at war with the Steel Trust, the Aluminium Combine and Standard Oil, which by varying techniques have sought to restrict output and thwart the abundance which invention offers the consumer. As in this country, though less completely, the controls over production for defence were placed as a matter of course in the hands of the leaders of Big Business. When the time comes at the end of the war to give effect to the enlightened plans which the New Dealers are drafting, will their voices avail to realise them against the resistance of Big Business, entrenched in the controls and all but sovereign in the daily press of the United States? The State Department will also have its say, and it even more than our own Foreign Office is a citadel of reactions.

The post-war future, in America and in this country, will be settled long before the end of hostilities. The balance of economic power, there and here, can be determined fatally and perhaps irrevocably, by what we do and tolerate to-day. It is a fatal illusion of the Left that we can let things slide for the duration of the war, confident that at its end a general election will empower the Labour Party to carry out some sweeping programme of nationalisation. That was apparently a common illusion at the Party Conference this week. It is impossible to foresee what the trend of public opinion, measured in votes, will be at the end of the war. None of us have cheerful memories of 1918. To-day the demand for its labour-power is at the maximum: there is no unemployment, and no fear of it. When the war ends, or soon after that date, the imperious demand for labour will cease abruptly, and it will have to use all its political resources to combat the terror of unemployment. What it refrains from demanding now, will it be able to attain then? If the owning-class should get its way to-day in the crucial question of the coal mines, if a Government containing Labour leaders can surrender to the shipowners now, what reason have we to suppose that at the end of the war its power to determine the settlement abroad and at home will be less absolute?

A Battle and a Parade

Though it is not possible to draw from the reports of either side a clear picture of the gigantic battle that rages round Kharkov, two facts stand out. First, the Russian offensive, which may have had that city as its ultimate objective, has come to a stand-still, and apart from the destruction of material and the slaughter, which must have been mutual, the gains do not seem to have been considerable. Secondly, the Germans are now in their turn conducting an offensive, south of Kharkov. Striking northwards towards Izyum, they aim at capturing the crossings of the Donetz. The Russians are counter-attacking the German wedge with all their customary determination, and we are disinclined to believe the enemy's boast that he has encircled "three armies" which held the big Russian salient between Petrovka and Lozovo. Nothing in this far-flung battle is yet settled, and it is hard to discern even a tendency. Kerch, meanwhile, has been evacuated by the Russians.

The other quasi-military event which may turn out to have some political importance is the staging of Italian military manœuvres in Piedmont, with the King at the head of 300,000 men. The intention is, presumably, to threaten Laval, who has not dared to grant the Axis as much as it expected from his appointment as Gauleiter. Has Mussolini insisted that he must obtain something from France before he sends more cannon-fodder to the Russian front? His services have hardly earned either Nice or Corsica, but Bizerta, if not the whole of Tunis, would certainly be useful in Rommel's campaign. The Axis already dominates the narrow sea between Sicily and Africa: with Bizerta its tenure would be secure. Or is it for the French warships and something like an avowed alliance that Hitler is playing? However eager Laval may be to prostrate himself before the conqueror, he may have reason to fear the French people even more than the Germans.

From Him That Hath Not

The Colonial Office, inspirited by the Imperial Development Fund, is planning welfare for British subject peoples. Lately it has sent labour officers to a number of colonies. A much-needed reform, if the officers understand their duty to be to provide good conditions of recruitment, work, living and wages, and not as the labour adviser of Kenya has done, to connive at the imposition of forced labour. But the arm of the Colonial Office is shortened in war, or so it seems to believe. It is letting the settler element in the dependencies get away with powers and policies which it would surely forbid in peacetime as directly contrary to its repeated declarations of the paramountcy of native interest. What is this Kenya Civil Defence and Supply Council, "in effect a Kenya Cabinet," with, apparently, six unofficial and five official members? Kenya politicians, as the Colonial Office well knows, can no more refrain from taking advantage of the natives than a cat can keep out of a cream jug. In any case a colonial government which brings in forced labour instead of raising native wages as a means of obtaining man-power is doubtfully fit to rule an African country. Two interesting apologias have been published in recent months. One is an enthralling statement of his native policy by Sir Godfrey Huggins, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia. The quality of the European in Africa, he writes, must be preserved and protected while the native becomes Europeanised. That principle justifies the reservation of 48 million acres of land for Europeans, and 21 millions for ninety-five times as many Africans. That is why the Industrial Conciliation Act imposes an absolute colour-bar in "proclaimed trades"—it is protection against "scab labour." That is why Europeans are paid a higher price for maize than Africans, and guaranteed 80 per cent. of the local market. And why the Africans pay £1 poll tax on the able-bodied (out of an average wage for those foreign employed of £12 a year) and contribute £125,000 more yearly to revenue than is spent upon native services, while Europeans have no income-tax. Ah! but Sir Godfrey says the native has his land rent-free (in his ancestral tribal lands cut down by three-quarters). And why the African must never be allowed to vote in his own country for the Legislative Council. Sir Godfrey was a doctor once, and he is trying to improve the Africans' health, no doubt from some professional conscience, but also because "as their health is improved they will be better labourers." He winds up superbly, "To those who believe that the European has no right to survive in Africa this policy will make no appeal." Northern Rhodesia, whose settler population works hard for amalgamation with its neighbour, has a Council member, Colonel Gore-Brown, who represents native interests. He is an honest and intelligent man. He says that he wants amalgamation, but that almost all the natives are opposed to it: there are 14,000 whites and 1,400 000 Africans in the country. He admits that the black man has cause to dread the pass law, the land policy, the industrial colour-bar of Southern Rhodesia, which as he mildly says prevents the black man from getting his fair share of semi-skilled work. Yet because Englishmen like self-government, he considers those conditions should be accepted. There is every likelihood that, if European settlers are listened to, forced labour will be brought in in the Rhodesias as in Kenya. British coloured citizens in East Africa have not much; they have not self-government, nor the ownership of their country; nor the right to move about it; nor education, nor equality of economic opportunity. And without offering them even the promise of any of those things, we propose to take from them almost the only right they have; the liberty to sell their labour for a miserable wage.

Debunked

Sir Bernard Paget's circular to Army commanders, reprobating what Mr. Joad described in this journal last week as "wicked bunk," was a thoroughly sensible and cheering document. He said flatly that attempts to produce synthetic blood-lust and hate are to stop. "Officers and N.C.O.s must be made to realise the difference between the building up of this artificial hate and building up a true offensive spirit." He attributes these fantastic blood daubings and slaughter-house perversions to "a combination of enthusiasm and inexperience" among young officers. It is good that it is to stop; the result of such training would be not to produce good soldiers, but sadistic storm-troopers. We wish Sir Bernard would add one thing further. In repudiating artificial hatred he might well have recalled that Cromwell was right in saying that the best soldiers know that for which they fight and love that which they know. Here lies the remedy for any deficiencies in morale. But that would mean that our soldiers, like Cromwell's, looked forward to a new kind of society.

Home Front (*by an Industrial Correspondent.*)

Presumably the Government spent Whitsuntide thinking about coal and fuel rationing. It is astonishing, when one talks to even "progressive" Tories, to find how most of them have reverted to type over this question. Nothing since the outbreak of war has brought up class issues in anything like so acute a form. Part of it is sheer reaction against what is felt to be the first real threat of class differences in standards of living. Food rationing does not raise the issue nearly so acutely, because the upper classes in general don't want to overeat heavily, though some of them do. But they do want an immensely higher standard of home-comfort than the poor; and that is precisely what is threatened by the Beveridge plan. How many of them have told me during the past fortnight, "My wife says she simply can't keep the house going if the rationing goes through." The idea of having to eat and sit with the servants is nearly unthinkable in a society such as ours. Indeed, both parties would dislike it equally. The class-structure is the real obstacle to the Beveridge plan. Not for nothing have we one education for the gentry, and another for the masses. Now we are finding how that kind of education gets in the way of a democratic war effort.

* * *

The question of the coal industry, as distinct from that of fuel rationing, also raises fundamental issues, but in a different way. It is here a matter, not of Gents *v.* Players, but of Capitalism *v.* Socialism in the simplest form. Everyone feels instinctively that, if the mines are once brought under national control, there is not the smallest chance of their ever passing back to individual ownership and exploitation. Since unification would improve efficiency, anti-socialists feel that if they give way over coal they will be selling the capitalist fort. It would be Capitalism's Munich, and the rest will follow almost as a matter of course, at any rate to the extent that the railways, road transport, electricity and other public utilities, banks, and in short all the main services will pass speedily under public control. Confronted with this prospect even "progressive" Tories accuse anyone who proposes to bring the mines under public control on plea of war necessity of breaking the party truce, destroying the national unity, and so forth. But I doubt if the Tories in the Government can stand pat and do nothing. What I am most afraid of is their trying to do a deal with the trade unions at the expense of the real Socialists. They know well enough that the faith in Socialism of many trade union leaders is only skin-deep, and that a specious offer of partnership between Capital and Labour, on a capitalist basis of profit-making, could, if it were already present, get quite a lot of trade union support. In fact, the miners' own scheme, accepted by the Labour Party Conference as a war-time make-shift, gives them an excellent opening for a deal along these lines. I live in fear that further-seeing capitalists may burst it open, and give us the spectacle of Hugh Dalton compelled to die in the last ditch for a scheme which will not give the control of the mines to the nation, or help the war effort, but will preserve capitalist inefficiency by admitting the miners to a nominal partnership.

* * *

The miners' wage claim has been before the coal-owners this week with the threat to take it straight to the Government if the owners refuse to concede the advance which will bring miners' wages more into line with those that are being paid to munition workers. This further complicates the confused problem of fuel rationing and wartime reorganisation of the mines. The miners have undoubtedly a very strong grievance for they are in relation to the quality of their work very badly paid in comparison with nearly every other class of key war-workers. It is useless to argue now that what is wrong is not so much that miners' wages are too low as that munition workers' wages have been allowed to increase out of all proportion to other rates of pay. Nobody could suggest cutting the wages of any workers at this stage of the war. The miners seem to be entitled to the advance for their sense of injustice is bound to create most unfavourable conditions for improving output. It will be disastrous if the coal-owners, having so far successfully obstructed reorganisation, are once again allowed to ride off on a wage struggle and switch attention from the real issues.

* * *

Despite the progress of the American shipbuilding programme, the shipping situation remains so bad that, if it were to continue for long without improvement, the outlook would be black as black. The danger zone at present is on the American side of the Atlantic, and especially in the Central American waters; and the loss of tanker-tonnage is the most serious in direct relation to the war effort. It ought to be fully possible to deal with this menace, as we have partly dealt with it on our side of the Atlantic; and it must be dealt with promptly if American aid is to continue to reach us and the Russians on an adequate scale, and still more if American forces are to operate successfully in Europe. The problem is partly one of shipbuilding—of naval as well as of merchant vessels; for it appears that part of the American difficulty is a shortage of naval vessels and equipment for fighting submarines. It is also partly one of convoying, which has not yet been applied in waters near the American coast. But it is also very closely related to our own home policy; for in face of the current rate of sinkings not one ton ought to be used for imports that we can by any means do without. Feeding-stuffs are one of the things we can economise on, if the Government will overrule agricultural objections. Heavy smoker as I am still, I admit that tobacco is another.

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AS CHUNGKING SEES IT

The Chinese are so unaccustomed to thinking ill of their friends and in any case so averse to publishing their criticisms, that complaints from Chungking should command unusual attention. At the moment such complaints are serious. They relate, it seems to us, not so much to Britain's military ineptitude as to our apparent failure to realise the extreme gravity of our Ally's situation. For nearly five years the Chinese fought the Japanese while we and the Americans supplied Tokio with the oil and iron required to kill millions of Chinese. When at last the Japanese attacked British interests we defended ourselves without success and apparently without much skill. Even then we did not quickly learn to co-operate with the Chinese; it was not until the time had passed for effective defence that the authorities in Malay, for instance, discovered that the Chinese who compose half its population, might prove its best defenders. Too late we released from our gaols the leaders of national sentiment. In Burma an ill-equipped Chinese army came to our aid; it has fought with courage; it is now retreating into China pursued by immensely superior Japanese forces. The British, after a desperate fight and heavy losses are withdrawing into Assam. The complaint made by the Chinese about this series of disasters is that it was not until the chance of successful defence was virtually at an end that the British were ready to combine their strategy with that of the Chinese.

The threat to China is very grave. To end Chinese resistance is still the first object of Tokio. If the British can withdraw unmolested into Assam, it is because the victorious Japanese army prefer to follow the Chinese into China. While the British cry out that India and Australia are in danger, Japan intends first to complete the encirclement of China and, if possible, to induce despair in Chungking itself. Large new bodies of troops have been landed on the coasts to the South of Shanghai. Whether or not the Axis plans involve an early Japanese attack on the Soviet Union, it is impossible to say. It seems probable. For the moment we know without doubt that China is subject to a new and more highly mechanised invasion at the moment when her supplies over the Burma road have been cut and her contact with the other united nations reduced to a minimum.

In the immensely complicated strategy of this war, in which there are political and military demands for aid on half a dozen fronts at the same time, it is impossible for anyone outside the small inner circle of the High Command to say precisely what can be done to aid China. Perhaps the most obvious aid is the blow that is struck far from Chinese territory. If Japanese factories and shipyards could be bombed once, the Chinese ask, cannot the operation be repeated at frequent intervals? If concentrations of troops and aircraft can engage the Japanese on the routes between America and Australia, cannot this attack be pressed home so that supplies reach Japan's forces in China with less regularity? Mr. Roosevelt has promised that aid shall continue to China in spite of the loss of the Burma road. Airplanes are reaching General Wavell for the defence of India. Is it impossible to dispatch them to aerodromes where they can aid in the defence of China? How quickly can we complete the new road that is to thread its way among the mountain passes that have always separated India from China?

In private the Chinese complain that some of the British are still shocked by the idea of cooperating with those whom they have been accustomed to ignore or regard as inferior. If the Chinese were not too polite publicly to express their opinion to Mr. Churchill, Chungking would tell him that his refusal to grant to U. Saw the freedom he demanded for Burma was a more serious military and moral error than many miscalculations for which he has been freely criticised. With a longer history behind them than Mr. Churchill the Chinese understand more than he about the relations of Asia and Europe. The apparent superiority of the white race springs not from any innate difference in capacity; the Japanese are no less skilful than the British or Americans now that they have caught up with their technical knowledge. The Indians, once they overcome the weaknesses due to poverty, disease, undernourishment, and the traditional fatalism of a subject people, are likely to prove as able and perhaps even as masterful as their British rulers. As it is, the heritage of suspicion, the belief that the British never really intended to transfer power to Indians, seems to be once again building up Gandhi's position as the saviour of his people and the enemy of Britain. As for the Chinese they have never for a moment doubted, though they are too polite to say so, that they are the superiors of the white race in ability, in morality, in culture, and in all the arts of civilisation. Together these three races constitute nearly half of the human race; we may dismiss the notion that they will remain after this war either isolated from the rest of the world or in some colonial or semi-colonial relationship to the Americans and British. That India is at present divided, and that the Chinese fight on the side of the United Nations, is due to nothing except the violence and cruelty of the Japanese. So barbarously have the Japanese behaved that it now seems unlikely that they can even achieve their ambition of leading a regimented Asia against the West. But that would be the result if Japanese Quislings ruled China; that is the object of Japanese propaganda; every contemptuous reference made by a sahib to a "nigger"; every lynching that takes place in Southern U.S.A.; every example of habitual indifference to the coloured races whom we dominate increases Japan's chance of assuming leadership of the coloured peoples of the world. That would indeed be the twilight of the human race.

If, as we assume, Japan is ultimately defeated, China must be a principal partner in victory. When that is accomplished the future of mankind will depend to a very considerable degree on the relations between the peoples of Asiatic and European stock. Russia standing in both worlds has already staked a claim for the future. Soviet aid to China has been continuous. The expansion of Communism in China was attempted on too rapid a scale after the last war and the scars of that quarrel are not yet altogether healed. But by and large the Chinese know that the U.S.S.R. does not wish to exploit Chinese labour or resources for its own interest. About the Imperialist West the Chinese have no such certainty. Chinese feeling towards America is on the whole friendly, since Americans have given much and have shown far more understanding of Chinese susceptibilities than the European Powers. But the new Chinese democracy that is arising during the war, and which, we suspect, will, in company with the new Russia, shape the future of Asia, is to-day, in this hour of its greatest peril, making up its mind about the rest of the world. This new society has been building in the interior while its armies have been holding out against the Japanese; the young men and women who compose it will have listened to the pronouncements of our statesmen. Mr. Churchill was not thinking about this new China when he reluctantly decided to try to hold the Japanese off by closing the Burma road. In the United States he seems again to have been reminded of it; at any rate he returned from America saying that China was written on his heart. Has anything occurred again to erase it? Some such question seems implicit in recent comments in the Chungking press. As an American writer with intimate knowledge of China has put it:

> There could have been nothing reassuring or comforting to our Asiatic Allies in the closing words of Churchill's first speech in Washington, "The British and American peoples will for their own safety and the good of all walk together side by side in majesty, justice and peace." An England, a United States, "walking together in majesty" can only mean to the coloured peoples a formidable white imperialism more dangerous to them than anything even a victorious Japan can threaten.

That is to put the matter strongly; we hope with an unwarranted implication. But the complacent white man who declares that he fights for democracy and limits his democracy to those with a white skin will scarcely be jerked into a consciousness of sin except by a violent reminder of the logical consequences of his folly. Just as he has learnt that his unsinkable battleships could be sunk by Japanese airplanes, that his impregnable sea base could be captured by Japanese soldiers, so he is now learning that he needs as allies Chinese patriots whom he was accustomed to regard as disaffected coolies. Soon he may be induced to imagine a future in Asia in which he will play, if he is lucky and well-behaved, the modest part of a friend, allowed to share on terms of courtesy in the task of building up a future for Asia in which Asiatics must of necessity be the principal builders and the principal beneficiaries.

HUNGER AND ROMANCE

The removal of Walther Darré from the direction of German agriculture is a symptom of the growing difficulties which the Nazis encounter in their dealings with the peasants. In the future there will be less romance and more ruthlessness. Darré belonged rather to the romantic than to the gangster half of the Nazi movement. He compensated for his Huguenot name and his overseas origin (for he came from South America, as Hess came from Egypt) by an extravagant racial patriotism. More eagerly than any of his colleagues he popularised the tendency laughingly called "Blubo" (Blut and Boden) and tried to steer towards a return to the ancient Germanic social structure, based on the peasant, whose sound instincts were supposed to have their roots in German blood and German earth. In part this emotional reaction derived from Spengler, but it drew as eagerly on much shoddier Nordic fanatics. Darré, in the early days of the Dictatorship, used to deliver with obvious enjoyment broadcasts in which he tilted at the liberal view of society as alien and un-German and swept away every assumption of the past based on the values of "economic man."

The peasants may have felt flattered when they were formed into a new "hereditary aristocracy" of the soil. One of the proudest achievements of Nazi legislation aimed at making their small farms and holdings inalienable possessions, which could neither be sold nor mortgaged. That may have been, in the remote Germanic past, the status of a free man's holding under customary law, but it demanded as its background a social structure which vanished long ago. It belonged to the days before a money economy, when peasants tilled their share in the common fields, not for the market but for subsistence. The Nazi idea of de-commercialising agriculture would have required for its success very much more drastic measures of reconstruction than this party was prepared to face. It raised problems as to credit and the financing of capital improvements which were never satisfactorily solved. It ought to have meant the "liquidation," as Russians would say, of the dealer and middleman, but what the Nazis did was merely to crush the Jews. The less objectionable side of the Nazi movement showed itself in Darré's efforts, some of them as comic as they were pretentious, to make farming picturesque by staging Nature festivals and pagan pageants. For all their romantic enthusiasm for the peasant, the Nazis never made the smallest attempt to carry out their promises to break up the great Junker estates in Prussia, which remain what they have always been, the citadels of a ruling caste which relies on cheap labour, much of it imported. It is possible that the small holding in a co-operative setting may be the best unit for the mixed farming of Southern and Western Germany. But the plains of the North are adapted rather to big units and mechanisation.

The proper solution in their case might have been the Soviet collective farm. What the Nazis did, in spite of their demagogic championship of the little man, was to buy Junker support. How much of Darré's policy of fostering a German peasant "aristocracy" would survive, in its original shape, if the New European Order were ever realised, it is hard to guess. The Slav *Untermensch* from beyond the Vistula and below the Danube is to be used as a labourer on German fields as in German factories, and Darré would on occasion speak of him bluntly as a "slave," and promise that he should be kept "illiterate." It would not have been easy to fit these helots into the work of the average German peasant farm of 50 acres. What the Nazis really intend to do with the German peasant in the nightmare empire of their dreams is to make him the slave-driver of these subject Slavs.

Whether Darré and his disciples ever really believed in their archaic ideology is a psychological question that need not detain us. Their real job was to organise German farming as an adjunct to total war: all the rest was an irrelevant decoration. In this we must concede them a large measure of success: Germany has fought this war, if not on a full stomach, at least on a diet that just suffices. The children are not starved as they were last time. The policy that produced this result cannot be dismissed as a failure. None the less, there are signs of a crisis that may be severe. The German Sky-God has failed in His duty to His party. The last two harvests, as Göring reminded Him, were mediocre, and it is said that the severity of the past winter froze the stored potato crop and killed much of the springing wheat.

This may be true, but other causes are at work which are not Acts of God. One consequence of the scaling down of peaceful imports, in order to build up stocks of strategic material, was that the fields were stinted of fertilisers and the livestock of fodder. The efforts of the Nazis to raise the status and the pride of the peasant failed to check the drift of the rural population to the towns. In spite of the use of women, children, and on a vast scale of prisoners of war, conscripted Poles and other foreign workers, there is said to be an acute shortage of labour on the farms. Nor is that the most ominous difficulty. For many a year farmers have been drilled into the surrender of their food surpluses of all kinds at prices fixed by authority. It is said that many of them are now hoarding their grain and disposing of their more perishable produce to the black market. It is tempting to swallow such cheerful news as this uncritically; but the growing volume of capital sentences for such offences seems to confirm it. If it is true on any significant scale, it may mean merely that the Nazis have fixed the prices of farm produce unreasonably low. That they could easily remedy. But it may even mean that the German farmer is behaving as Russian peasants used to do in the early years of the Revolution: he will not part with good grain, since he finds that money will buy nothing that he needs. He might indeed do what a good citizen should do—save it, that he may enjoy it after victory. But what if he is no longer sure of victory? Is that why the ruthless Herr Backe has replaced the romantic Herr Darré?

THE UNITED STATES AND THE UNITED NATIONS

THE war has forced the United States out of the oyster-like shell of aloofness with which it had surrounded itself. Millions of Americans are suddenly beginning to think of themselves as citizens of the world. If this trend continues it will lead the U.S.A. to the position which it must occupy if we are to have a stable world after the war—a position of international leadership and international co-operation.

Meanwhile however, the contrary trend towards isolationism is also active. If it should prevail, it will push the U.S.A. into a non-co-operative imperialism which would be disastrous.

One of the present symptoms of isolationism is anti-British feeling.

Why does this exist? In the first place, the intensity of feeling about Britain, *pro* as well as *anti*, has risen markedly since the winter of 1939–40, when I last was in the United States. We must remember that Britain has long enjoyed a chronic but not very serious unpopularity in the United States—the unpopularity of a rather stuck-up elder relative. Americans have always disliked the superior manner of many Englishmen. They like to attack British imperialism (though for some curious reason French imperialism is never mentioned). A legend of foxy British diplomacy outwitting simple American honesty was encouraged to rationalise the events of Versailles. The Irish-Americans have seen to it that the old grudges about Ireland were kept alive, even after Eire became a Dominion. The idea of Britain as the hereditary foe has persisted, thanks to Fourth of July patriotism and the school textbooks.

But the anti-British sentiment of late 1941 was something new. It had been raised to a new pitch of intensity by the Isolationists because they were using it as one of their chief weapons in their campaign to keep the United States out of the war; the old, mild, chronic unpopularity was the convenient raw material which they worked up. Why go to war to save a country that always gets other people to fight its battles? or to save British imperialism? or a class-ridden social system? or a country which was rapidly becoming Socialist? or the ally of godless Russia?

If some of the mud has stuck, it is because isolationism, at the moment anti-British, is not dead; it has merely gone underground.

Isolationism is certain to continue playing a part in the U.S.A. after the war. It is not all black. In large measure it springs from a genuine idealism which believes that the United States' best contribution to the world can be made by developing its own culture and way of life unhampered by entangling alliances and unpoisoned by the quarrelsome atmosphere of the old world.

The pre-Pearl Harbour isolationists included a number of other very different elements. There were those who disliked and feared war; there were the appeasers; there were those who sincerely believed that America would be better off if she stayed outside the battle; and those who believed that she was not yet sufficiently prepared. There were Nazi agents; there were the great majority of Irish Catholics; there were—before June, 1941—the Communists; there were most of the College Students and the Youth movements; there were those who put their dislike of Roosevelt and the New Deal above everything else; there were the genuine admirers of Germany and Fascism like Lindbergh and Father Coughlin; there were those who were so frightened of Labour or Socialism that they were moving towards Fascism without knowing it; there was the strong group of American Imperialists who thought that the United States would be stronger and better able to grasp world power if she kept out while letting Germany and Britain and Russia exhaust themselves.

To-day isolationism has officially ceased to exist. But it is still there, though it employs different tactics. The violently isolationist newspapers, like the Hearst press, the *Chicago Tribune*, and the *New York Daily News* are now very patriotic. But they persistently stress Japan as the main enemy, they are hostile to the idea of a large American expeditionary force in Europe or the Near East, they lose no opportunity of running down Britain, and they tacitly or openly proclaim that America's duty after the war will be to get out of all "entanglements" as quickly as possible.

The Roosevelt-haters have gone so far as to suggest in public that the President was deliberately leaving General MacArthur to be captured in Bataan, so that he might be out of the way. MacArthur's new command has killed that calumny, but his well-deserved popularity has been exploited by suggestions that he should be put forward as a candidate for the Presidency at the next election. The idea of a military hero as national leader is naturally welcome to those inclined towards authoritarianism: if MacArthur's candidature is ever taken seriously, it would mark a trend in the direction of Fascism, whatever the General's opinions might be.

A Fascist-Isolationist-Imperialist movement is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility after the war. The United States is full of unresolved social conflicts. In the South the negro problem is superimposed on a lagging and backward political system; in the coal-mining and some industrial areas there is an armed truce between Capital and Labour; in parts of California, social friction is extreme. Unresolved social conflicts led to the general strike in Britain. Americans resort easily to violence—lynching, gangsterism, G-men, vigilantes, the Klu-Klux-Klan, private armies for strike-breaking; they are devoted to efficiency as an end in itself, and the middle-class love of conformity might make them a ready prey to authoritarian movements. Thus social conflict in America can lead to local dictatorships such as that of Huey Long in Louisiana, or to Fascist movements such as that of Father Coughlin or the Silver Shirts. If the war goes well, the social conflict may be resolved so as to release all the latent forces of American democracy and make it more dynamic than any rival -ism. But if it goes badly, and if the plans for preventing post-war unemployment and distress are unsuccessful, authoritarianism, either of the dictator or the mass Fascist type, would have a real chance.

Britain is not the only ally of the U.S.A. to come in for suspicion or hostility. The same applies to Russia, though here for different motives. Not only does the strong Catholic element count for a good deal, but the U.S.A. has always been the most violent of all countries towards so-called Left-wing economic and social policy. Before the past war, "Socialist" was a term of horror and abuse, and even now the term "Radical" conveys a basic sense of wickedness, while "Communist" and "Red" are used to smirch anybody faintly pink. Bolshevism is still a powerful bogey in America (in many areas all teachers would lose their jobs if they gave even the briefest and most factual explanation of Communism). We should also remember that the American Communist did often behave very badly, infiltrating into all kinds of organisations and then undertaking subversive activities from the inside.

A great deal more unity is needed between the United Nations if the war is to be speedily won, and still more if an agreed post-war policy is to be arrived at. For this, Americans must not merely tell Britain to do something in a big way about India and the Colonies; they will have to come to the realisation that they, too, have a responsibility for the welfare of backward countries. There will have to be willingness to co-operate economically instead of thinking in terms of competition; they must be willing to do something about the U.S. tariff if they want us to do anything about Ottawa; lend-lease must continue in some form if reconstruction is to be undertaken on an adequate scale. For this to happen, it is up to us to challenge America by constructive action and generous proposals. We cannot expect the United States to begin thinking internationally overnight. Now is the time for Britain to take a lead. The more definite the official British ideas about reconstruction and the peace, and the more publicity given to them, the more will the internationalists in America be encouraged, and the isolationists and the authoritarians checked in their dangerous courses.

JULIAN HUXLEY

Bring out your dead

PAPER

A LONDON DIARY

To meet in public and argue at Whitsuntide is one of the established rights of the politically conscious minority of British citizens. The first of this minority to whom I talked on Sunday was reading a reprint of Lenin in the train; he was obviously going to the monster Trafalgar Sq. demonstration. He belonged to the young, very serious, generation of Communists. He had no doubts about the "second front." Like me, he was sure that now was the time for doing all that is possible. But he did not realise that political hesitations in the past might have led to technical disabilities now. At the Hippodrome, the Beaverbrook press, for reasons very different from those of Harry Pollitt, had also organised "a second front" forum. Advocates included Winster and Strabolgi, who were followed by Shinwell; he spoke with the artlessness of a first-class platform artist. Requests by John Gordon for an opponent of the second front only brought one follower of Capt. Bernard Acworth, whose notion of side-tracking the issue was to tell us that we must clear up the home front against the racketeers, food hoggers, etc., before we did anything else. This is a new line that needs watching, but it was amusing to notice that in order to get a clap at the end he had to conclude with a violent pro-Soviet peroration. Outside this gathering, mainly composed, I thought, of miscellaneous readers of the *Daily Express*, I met streams of the politically conscious minority making their way to Trafalgar Square, some of them from the Communist Conference at the Stoll.

* * *

Then on Monday the Labour Party Conference. This Conference still represents the great mass of organised British workers. On the platform Cabinet Ministers come and go. Here is something established, mechanically powerful; just as the Conservatives used the Labour Party to enable them to maintain their power during the war, so the Labour Party likes to use its more Left-wing critics, even including Shinwell, to defend the conservatism of the Executive. Laski's resolution was much less definite than rumour anticipated. His challenge to the Premier and the Cabinet was expressed in vigorous, but not very precise form. No doubt he, personally, agreed with Silverman, who, in one of the moments of actuality in the Conference, asked whether, if the Government was doing as it did in 1919 and passing the ships over to the shipowners, the Conference would want Mr. Attlee to fight against such a proposal in the Cabinet? Universal affirmation. Would it want the Labour members of the Government then to leave the Government on this issue? The assurance was much less certain. And yet without a demand to leave the Government if its policy is purely conservative, what sense is there in declaring that Labour is a genuine partner in the Government?

* * *

On Wednesday afternoon the Conference had its big moment. The Executive tried to insert a provision which would give it more control over by-elections and constituency parties; the delegates, suddenly becoming intensely alive, tried to convince the platform that the party truce, whether formally broken or not, is really coming to an end in the country. Mr. Morrison answered numerous critics with his customary skill; he said, quite truly, that there was a dangerous optimism about, an assumption that the war is nearly over, when in fact we may have years of hardship and horror before us. But he entirely missed the point when he accused those who wish to break the truce of trying to "splinter" the party. The precise opposite is the case. Nothing will stem the tide in the constituencies. People won't vote Tory because Mr. Hitler tells them to. They will vote for a Socialist, or, failing that, for someone who talks Socialism. Therefore the splintering process will take place in every by-election until the party truce allows the authority of the official Socialist party again to assert itself. What is the danger? The capture of working-class leadership? The growth of new splinter parties, like that of W. J. Brown and Cunningham Reid? The creation of something like a new Liberal Party with a Collectivist programme, led by Priestley and Acland, supporting Independent candidates? The 1941 Committee, as I heard a wit remark, is a wicked attempt to drive a wedge between the Tory and Labour parties.

* * *

One bad symptom. Has it forgotten that it is supposed to be Socialist? I quote from the Conference Report. Here is the concluding sentence of the long resolution on the mines:

> We consider that the adoption of this plan would further the national interests, would make possible a greater degree of planning and better organisation, and would go far to remove the distrust of Private Ownership which is so widespread amongst the miners.

But is Labour's job to reconcile the miners to private ownership?

* * *

I cannot help thinking that Mr. V. S. Pritchett was unnecessarily discreet in his article in last week's issue on what is one of the most successful and significant broadcasting ventures the B.B.C. have undertaken since the war. I refer to the series *Living Opinion*—serious, non-political, rather philosophical discussions between workers, which come on once a month after the nine o'clock news. The *Radio Times* and *The Listener* have both been silent about the origins and the personality behind this series, which has been so widely praised; but there seems no reason for concealing the fact that it was conceived by Mr. Christopher Salmon, who has not only persuaded the authorities that workers can hold their own with the expert or the educated in serious discussions on life, but who has organised and conducted these discussions with real virtuosity. The spirit of philosophy has broken down the barriers of suspicion on both sides. The success of these broadcasts makes one wonder why working-class resources have not been tapped before. Part of the answer lies no doubt in the amount of work involved. Unlike middle-class working-class opinion is not to be had on demand. Some technique of meeting and discussion such as Mr. Pritchett has observed and described is evidently required. But the results are encouraging. For whatever these broadcasts lack in precision of thought and language they make up in a quality of humanity which should give them a wide currency and bring into effective influence a reserve of social experience which has been left out of circulation far too long.

* * *

An obdurate partisan of civil liberty, I deplored the suppression of *Ulysses*, of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, of *The Well of Loneliness*, of *To Beg I Am Ashamed*. When, therefore, I began reading Mr. James Hadley Chase's *Miss Callaghan Comes to Grief*, I was prepared to regret the successful prosecution of the author and publisher. But long before I had finished the book I saw such regrets were impossible. I do not regret it. It is a dingy fantasia of unconvincing cruelty, in which honest desire plays little part. It makes love repulsive to normal people by associating it only with violence and hatred. It is part of a commercialised cult of toughness, which has nothing to do with courage and which as practised by Stormtroopers is breaking up civilisation. I still believe in liberty for books that are in favour of pleasure. I think, for instance, the French were right to allow the sale of Diderot's *Les Bijoux Indiscrets* and *Fanny Hill*. But Mr. Chase's book excites the impulse not to embrace, but to torture and to destroy. It amounts, in fact, to an attack upon pleasure.

* * *

A few odd people wrote protesting against our publication of Mrs. Baillie's letter about torture of nestlings on the ground that childish cruelty is too trivial to matter in wartime. A very large number of correspondents, however, regard it as far from trivial; and seek to explain it by original sin, the contagion of evil fashion, or elaborate psychological analysis. Some are too shocked to believe in it; others confirm similar practices from different parts of the country. Among the sceptics are a class of London ten-year-olds, who were read the letter by their mistress, and unanimously wrote in horror: "I do not believe a child would do such a horrible thing as to blind small birds. In fact, I think these storys are fantastic." "The boys and girls at this school are kind to any animal. They would not have got an egg from a nest and throw them away, like some children would do. All the children in this neighbourhood are kind." "Margaret Baillie mentioned girls doing the same thing. Well! In my opinion girls can't bear to see little birds die, never mind killing them" (a boy.) "I think there is enough cruelty going on in this world now, what with the fighting and the war, I think it is to terrible pulling the little creatures eyes out with pins is terrible, every one ought to be severely punished." (a girl). The Zoo-Man broadcasted on Monday about birds in Children's Hour. It was delightfully done; the fun they are to watch nesting, the beauty to listen to, the way they eat grubs and pests; and he ended with a reference to this correspondence of ours, and an appeal, lightly touched in, that children should spread kindness and not cruelty.

* * *

8.30 a.m. Tram swinging along the Embankment full of cleaners from Government offices. The conductor, as he helped one on: "All aboard the Riviera Special. Come on Lady." Screams of joy. "Lady": "The last time I was called that was when the Elephant fell down!" Another: "Isn't it lovely on the front this morning." The conductor, flexing his knees to the rocking of the tram: "We're all sailors on trams. I'm tired this morning—fire-watching last night." "Lady": "I know—putting out an old flame in Piccadilly Circus!" Concerted yells of appreciation. The conductor did a funny walk down the tram with his hand on his hip. "Oh, Mr. Wrongsky, all different!" Conductor: "Passing Scotland Yard." "Lady": "Passing all the old pubs—what are we *passing* them for?"

At this point, my correspondent writes, I got out. So much *joie de vivre* at 6.30 a.m. (God's time) on a raw morning, I thought was worth recording.

* * *

A correspondent writes: If you are publishing stories of the blitz here is the most macabre one of the war:

> A woman was overheard on a 'bus discussing the fate of her sister-in-law in an air-raid. "Talk about laugh! She'd been paying into a club for thirteen years because she wanted to be buried proper. And it took 'em two days to dig her out!"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to J. F. Nicol.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

"T. W. B." says that since the Russians have proved themselves to be such valiant fighters they should be asked to join the British Commonwealth of Nations as a token of our admiration.—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

He hoped that local authorities would help them to improve the status of fish and chip shops. They wanted to create in every town shops which the best people could patronise with dignity.—*Times.*

In thinking of Japan I cannot escape the conviction of the truth of Darwin's theory of the origin of species. Their simian capacity for tricky, insidious depredations had been developed to a high art and we should have long ago regarded them as not merely amusing, but as gravely dangerous specimens of the animal kingdom. It was typical that I should have received a card of good wishes from Tokyo in December, on the very morning after the crime of Pearl Harbour.—From "Insurance Official."

According to astrological reasoning, the seriousness of the Japanese threat in the East cannot be over-estimated.—From "What the Stars Foretell," in *Sunday Express*.

Members of the golf club at Coombe Wood are going to play two holes in gas masks on Monday.—*Evening Standard*.

Ald. E. Spence said: "Post-war policy is a red herring drawn across the minds of people to prevent them from winning the war. I am of the opinion that half of it is engineered by Hitler.—*Northern Echo*.

You must have a copy of the booklet, WHY YOU WANT EGGS. Post free.—Advert. in *Daily Telegraph*.

ANTI-SEMITISM AND TREACHERY

Among the various instruments employed by Hitler in his war for world domination, one of the most effective has been Anti-Semitism. He had inherited a substantial legacy of experience and ideology in Jew-baiting, for Germany had already achieved an unenviable record in racial intolerance; but he developed the movement both in theory and practice in a manner undreamt of by all his fanatical forerunners. He first saw in it the means of securing political power in Germany, where he reached his goal mainly through the skilful and unscrupulous application of his anti-Jewish policy, which was an integral part of the Nazi Programme from its inception. In order to discredit the Government he vilified the regime as a "Judeo-German Reich," although his accusation was quite baseless. But owing to the widespread economic distress, for which the government were held to blame, the persistent branding of the executive authorities, as well as of all bodies and activities to which the Nazis were opposed, as Jewish, in astute conjunction with other factors, resulted in the overthrow of the Weimar Constitution and the establishment of the Nazi tyranny. Having found that Anti-Semitism was such a useful instrument for acquiring political power at home, Hitler resolved to exploit it for the same end in foreign countries too, and thus there was forged a close and causal connection between Anti-Semitism and treachery.

One of the most revealing passages in Hermann Rauschning's book, *Hitler Speaks*, is that in which the Führer makes the following boast:

> Anti-Semitism is a useful revolutionary expedient. It is beyond question the most important weapon in my propaganda arsenal, and almost everywhere of deadly efficiency.

The dissemination of Jew-hatred throughout the globe was one of the cardinal tasks of the Propaganda Ministry, for it was believed that once people became converted to that doctrine they would accept the rest of the Nazi philosophy. A vast and elaborate apparatus was accordingly created in pursuance of this design.

The Nazi technique consisted in vilifying the Jews as the cause, not only of local political discontent and economic distress, but of all the world's major troubles. It denounced them alternately as blood-sucking capitalists and subversive Bolsheviks, according to prevailing circumstances or passing crises, and identified them with everything unpopular or obnoxious in the public life or administrative system of the country. It pursued a threefold aim: to provoke hostility against the Jews, to foment political disunion, and to undermine the bases of constitutional government. Jew-baiting served as a smoke-screen, behind which Nazi agents could stir up dissension and disloyalty. No sooner had they lured individuals or groups within their racial snare than they recruited them for their underground army of Quislings and Fifth Columnists.

The conquest of Austria would never have been accomplished so easily but for the internal discord previously engendered by the poison of Judeophobia. It is true that Austria had her "Hakenkreuzler" long before Hitler became a menace, but it was this party of violent Jew-baiters who prepared the road for the invasion. In Czechoslovakia a Fascist party was founded in 1934 by Stribrny, with an aggressive anti-Semitic programme, which immediately acclaimed Hitler's policy; and another, headed by the retired General Gajda, had a similar programme even more pro-German in character. These reactionary bands combined attacks upon Jewish shops with abuse of Dr. Benes and his Government, and a couple of days after Hitler's invasion Gajda proclaimed himself Leader of the Czechs. There was a third anti-Jewish group, the "Vlaika," which, with its press, exemplified the same intimate bond between treachery and Anti-Semitism; and as soon as the war began all these bodies united in denouncing the Jews and reviling the Allies, and in offering their traitorous services to the Germans. Slovakia had an even more rabid anti-Jewish party, a prominent member of which, Professor Tuka, had been imprisoned for treason when the State was still united and strong; and that party, led by Father Hlinka, openly sided with Germany even before Munich.

In Poland the Nazi game was unwittingly played by the two extremist parties, the "Endeks" and the "Naras," whose anti-Jewish violence caused serious disorder and dissension at a time when national unity was essential to meet the danger from without. Indeed, the government itself was so blinded by Judeophobia that a Jewish paper which ridiculed a Nazi Minister was banned while the Polish press was free to attack loyal Jews with impunity. Similarly in Rumania it was Anti-Semitism, after having been rampant for decades, that contributed largely to the internal disruption, the most virulent of the Jew-baiting parties, the Iron Guard terrorists, acting as instruments for the overthrow of King Carol and for opening the frontiers to the German troops.

The intimate connection between anti-Semitism and treachery is strikingly illustrated by Vidkun Quisling, the Norwegian Fascist leader, and prototype of all quislings, who wrote a diatribe against the Jews in the organ of the British Union of Fascists three years before he betrayed his country. In Holland Anton Mussert, head of the Dutch Nazis, at first confined himself to defaming the Jews and denied any political connection with Germany, but at the earliest opportunity he and his party went over to the enemy. In Belgium Léon Dégrelle attacked the Jews as unfit to occupy public positions, and the paper *Patrie et Travail* printed a manifesto with the seditious appeal: "To-day Austria, to-morrow Flanders. One people, one Reich, one Führer. *Heil Hitler!*" The poison was at work in France too, where Marcel Déat combined his tirades against the Jews with appeals to the French people "not to fight for Danzig." In Alsace-Lorraine the Goebbels slogan, "The Jews are our misfortune!" was as common as in Germany itself, and the French Government was obliged to subsidise the local press to combat the Nazi plague. No wonder that all French anti-Semites became the most conspicuous collaborators of the German invaders.

Similar instances of the bond between Jew-baiting and pro-German agitation will be found in English-speaking countries, throughout South America, and even in the Near and Middle East. It is no mere coincidence that the arch-enemy of the Jews in Palestine, the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, is now an honoured fugitive in Berlin. In few parts of the world have German machinations been conducted to such a dangerous extreme as in the United States, where hundreds of agents were engaged, not only in inciting Jew-hatred, but also in plotting to secure political domination by force, and likewise in some Latin-American States. Canada's chief Quisling, Adrien Arcand, demanded a "corporative State" in which the Jews would be deprived of civic rights, and his trial, in June 1940, which revealed his connection with Berlin, resulted in his internment. South Africa has also been afflicted for some years by anti-Jewish organisations, all applauding Hitler's policy, and one of which, the "Grey Shirts," has been described as "an official German State body . . . receiving orders from Berlin, and expecting compliance from its members." The *Deutsche Afrika-Post* had an article on July 5th, 1939, in which it wrote: "In the interests of South Africa, Jewry must be put energetically in its place, and here Hitler could help the true patriots. . . . One cannot get rid of the Jews as long as one is bound to England."

In Great Britain, too, the Anti-Semites are largely identical with those who are regarded as dangerous to their country, for all the Fascists and most of the others interned under Regulation 18B have been guilty of Jew-baiting. All Fascist spokesmen vied with one another in their slanderous abuse of the Jews and openly proclaimed their sympathy with Germany and their unwillingness to fight against her. Mosley declared that "a million Fascists would refuse to fight in a Jewish war," and William Joyce, better known as "Lord Haw-Haw," turned traitor by going to help Germany with his anti-British broadcasts. The most remarkable case of anti-Semitic obsession on the part of an interned Briton is that of Captain Ramsay, Conservative M.P. for Peebles, whose libel action against the *New York Times* last July was dismissed with a farthing damages. Judge Atkinson, stated that he was convinced that Hitler would call Ramsay "friend" and that the expression "Fifth Columnist" applied to him beyond question.

When the war is over and Hitlerism is crushed, Anti-Semitism will presumably no longer be serviceable as an instrument of treachery, but it will still possess an infinite capacity for generating political discord and social unrest. It will therefore be necessary, in the interests of peace, not only of Jewry but of the world in general, that the most effective means should be adopted for its suppression. Had such measures been taken a few years ago, and had all civilised States recognised in Hitler's savage onslaught upon the Jews in Germany the prelude to his war of aggression and promptly reacted accordingly, it is conceivable that the war would never have grown to its present catastrophic proportions. What those States neglected to do before the war, all States will have to do after the war if their peoples are to enjoy peace and resume progress. The task will not be easy, but unless it is boldly and intelligently tackled and satisfactorily accomplished the world will be troubled for generations to come.

Israel Cohen

LOVE OF PETROL

Man must have dreamed early of the possession of speed that would make him the most mobile of living creatures. Compared with some of the other animals, he was ill-equipped by nature for fast and distant travel. His legs were no match for those of a galloping horse; nor could he compete with the swallow crossing seas and high mountains with the speed of a gale. Impatient of his helplessness, he invented such myths as those of the Seven League Boots and the Magic Carpet, and his imagination took pleasure in dwelling on devices that would make up to him for the incompetence of his legs. In his more practical moods he tamed the horse and the camel, and invented the boat, the oar, the sail and the mast. Never has he ceased to long and labour for increased power to go farther than his fathers ever went and to get there more swiftly than common sense thought possible.

As a result of centuries of daydreaming and experiment, the mobility of man had reached heights before the war that in earlier times would have seemed the fantastic decorations of a fairy tale. Young men flew along the roads in cars and on motor bicycles at seventy or eighty miles an hour. At much greater speeds men were carried through the air from continent to continent. It is sometimes debated whether human beings have gained very much as a result of the discovery of the petrol-driven engine and the enormous increase of their mobility that has followed. They have at least initiated a new civilisation in which legs have become more and more useless except for the purpose of stepping into a car, pressing the footbrake, and such mild activities.

There have been times when I regretted the invention of the motor car, but now that petrol is scarce I begin to yearn nostalgically for those golden days when England was a land of garages. I am not surprised to learn from the *Sunday Times* that in America, where even more than here petrol had become the spirit of the nation, "the rationing of petrol and the inequality and inconveniences arising out of it are on everybody's mind and on everybody's lips to an extent which makes the subject about as much of a bore as that of Prohibition some twenty-one years ago." After all, petrol had changed our lives. Accepting it as one of the permanent features of modern life, we had abandoned for its sake our habits of walking, of riding in horse-drawn vehicles and (to some extent) of travelling in railway trains. Holidays without petrol had become inconceivable. It was increasingly difficult to imagine how not so very long ago people used to get on without petrol during week-ends and on Sundays. There is much to be said for being a voluntary stay-at-home; but we have now become stay-at-homes under compulsion—prisoners in a narrower circle than if we were living in the days of Boadicea. Having lost the power of walking, we cannot even go to tea with a friend who lives in a cottage five miles away. Our immediate locality has become an island on which we are marooned.

It is not as if petrol were a mere luxury of the rich. The motor-car civilisation was more democratic than the horse civilisation ever was. Many a poor man kept a horse for business; I never knew a poor man who kept a horse for pleasure. The cheap motor car and the motor bicycle, however, became a means of pleasure for hundreds of thousands of men and women whom the rich at least would consider poor; and no seaside motor coach or charabanc that I ever travelled in carried a complement of millionaires. Motoring of one kind or another was a form of popular entertainment, like the cinema. It enlarged the ordinary man's liberty of movement so that the Londoner on a free day had a choice of half a dozen counties in which to go travelling; and liberty is usually something that we prize highly when we no longer possess it.

Hence I think that, as our elders used to look back sentimentally to the old coaching days, we in our turn are justified in taking a wistful glance back at days when the joys of motoring were in widest—or at least comparatively wide—commonalty spread. How much more interesting maps became when petrol had put every city, harbour town and village marked on them within the scope of a summer holiday. Places became doubly real to us when they were no longer simply the names of railway stations, but designs of churches, inns and streets with people walking through them. I had known Chester as a railway station for most of my life till, driving a car from London to Holyhead, I saw it for the first time as a city of antiquated charm. As for the villages and small towns that one passed through on the road—in Essex, in Suffolk and in Gloucestershire—one would never have seen them if one had been travelling in the old fashion from station to station by railway train. I like railways, but they seldom take us through the most attractive architecture that the nineteenth century had allowed to remain. They provide us for the most part with a backyard view of England, and even the England of modern times is not entirely a land of backyards.

Let us, then, praise petrol as a miraculous eye-opener. Without it we might have missed many noble sights, from the stained glass at Fairford to Fountains Abbey in June. Under its influence, guide-books became temptations. If one went for a month to Oban, one realised from a look at the map that there was nothing easier in the world than to go on to Ballachulish, and from there to Skye. One had to cross stormy inlets of the sea in barges; but, as the motor car slithered down wet green seaweed on to the amateurish barge, how pleasant it was to reflect that Dr. Johnson was not the last man to make an adventurous journey along the roads and over the waters of Scotland! I do not like adventure except in retrospect, but I confess I like looking back on those moments when it seemed doubtful whether our motor-laden barge would ever reach the far shore of the entrance to the hurricane-swept loch, and when on a road that was all pot-holes and slippery mud the car skidded into a deep ditch and flung us with all its glass smashed against a stone wall. It was disagreeable at the time, but memory creates transformation scenes with their pantomimic splendours. Mr. Raymond Mortimer recently quoted Landor's saying that "the recollection of a thing is frequently more pleasing than the actuality." This applies particularly to mishaps in motoring. Those who have experienced a tyre-burst know this.

If I were a novelist writing just now, I think I should write a nostalgic novel about the old-fashioned pleasures of motoring. There were no misadventures in the old coaching days to compare with the misadventures of the early motorist. The first time that I went from London to the Derby was not long after the last war, when a confused stream of donkey carts, pony carts and motor-cars crawled along the road at the pace of a tortoise that intermittently fell asleep. No motorist who set out for Epsom had any certainty of getting there. Cars broke down every half-mile or so and were pushed on to the side of the road and left to lie there to the accompaniment of Cockney jeers from the donkey carts. Nothing could pass anything in front of it, so that, even if we had a seat in an efficient car, we had to proceed at the pace of the donkey carts. As a result, though I set out early, I arrived at the course only in time to back one of the "also rans." Irritating at the time, but how good it is seen at a distance through rose-coloured spectacles! Alas, nowadays if one drove to a race-meeting, one would regard oneself not as a pioneer of civilisation, but as an anti-social egotist making a criminal misuse of petrol. The truth is, we are back to the age of the donkey cart, but unfortunately there are no donkey carts.

Things would not be so bad, of course, if we could go back beyond the good old days of motoring to the still better old days when there were no motors. Who would complain if he woke up in a London from which taxis had disappeared and in which the streets were filled with hansoms—drivers in top hats and wheels flickering in the sunshine? But the better old days, driven out by the good old days, never return. If reaping machines and mowing machines disappeared, I doubt whether there would be enough scythes in the country to take their place. We have become so mechanised that we have lost the art of living without inventions that were never thought necessary in the days of Chaucer or of Shakespeare. But now our best-loved inventions are failing us one by one—from the motor-car to the penny post. We are getting nearer to the Elizabethans in spite of ourselves, but without the Elizabethans' advantage of never having known better.

Luckily the human being—especially the modern human being—is fairly adaptable. Amid the discomforts of the present, he can always look back to a rosy past, and look forward to an even rosier future. In this way—and in no other way—do the discomforts of the present vanish. The rule is, petrol to-morrow and petrol yesterday, but never petrol to-day. It is a consoling thought to those who believe that to-morrow will eventually arrive. I am myself inclined to this opinion, and foresee a time not very far ahead when the mobility of man will not merely be restored, but will have become something terrific.

Y.Y.

THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE

> "The Government has accepted the criterion that vested interests cannot be allowed to stand in the way of the war effort."—Mr. Attlee, May 25.

Comforts for coalowners,
Help, however small!
Alms for shipping magnates
Who have given all!
Pre-war profits dwindle,
Markets still decrease,
Safeguard vested interests
Against the risks of peace!

Economic justice is the first of post-war aims;
Can we be indifferent to industrialists' claims?
Jobs for British workers returning from the front,
What of capital that bore the economic brunt?

Caterers are ruined by pegging prices down,
Sixteen-shilling dinners are sold for but a crown;
Nest-eggs from the nation in all the soldiers' nests,
Take up a collection for our vested interests!

Rescue our shipowners from singing in the street,
Stripped of everything except the British Merchant Fleet.
Help our kings of industry, who never asked the price!
Bonuses for victims of unequal sacrifice!

Aid for war-contractors
Crippled by control!
Pennies for our bankers
Threatened with the dole!
Bundles for Big Business
Doomed to bankruptcy!
Won't you spare a copper
For the E.P.T.?

Sagittarius

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Sadler's Wells Ballet, at the New Theatre.

Mr. Helpmann's new ballet *Hamlet* achieves a striking success. It is as different, in conception and technique, from *Comus* as one can imagine. No speeches this time, no formal episodes, none of the attitudes of pale sickly thought that might have been anticipated, but a single swift scene in which the main events and conflicts of the play flicker to and fro as they might in the brain of a dying man. The curtain rises on the tableau of tragedy with which Shakespeare ends; Hamlet has been hoisted aloft on the shoulders of four pall-bearers; his last moments of consciousness, the dream carried into eternity, are then enacted, and the pall-bearers slowly move away. Mime rather than dancing gives the texture of this phantasmagoria. Its elements—the ghost in armour, Yorick's skull, the King and Queen, Ophelia drowned, Hamlet himself spurred to action and tormented by nightmare—are already known to us, so that a few gestures or a confrontation can evoke whole scenes. This understanding on the part of the audience is important because it enables Mr. Helpmann to elaborate a ballet which is both complex and swift, and to vary his theme audaciously. Some of the detail is brilliant: the moment, for example, when the figures of Gertrude and Ophelia merge and divide before the distracted gaze of Hamlet. Ophelia, indeed, beautifully danced by Margot Fonteyn, acquires a new significance. Not only do the sweetness and madness go better in dance, but other aspects emerge; her attachment to Laertes is almost as strong as Hamlet's love for his mother. Helpmann's Hamlet is at all times the centre of lurid drama and shifting pattern, and his performance magnificently holds the eye. The music, selected from Tchaikovsky, and the decor by Leslie Hurry add to the tension. The whole ballet, in fact, triumphs in regions somewhat painfully explored by the expressionists, Evreinov and others, and achieves what they miss: interior drama that shall also be dramatic. The *Hamlet* at the New Theatre combines ballet, Grand Guignol and an exciting critical postscript to Shakespeare's play. Mr. Helpmann has such a variety of gifts that it is impossible to guess which way he will turn next.

"Awake and Sing," at the Arts.

Clifford Odets' *Awake and Sing* is brilliantly performed at the Arts Theatre Club. Critics in search of parallels note obvious similarities between Odets and Sean O'Casey. The intimacy one achieves with a Dublin slum in Sean O'Casey is immediately established in this play with a Bronx family in present-day New York. The dialogue and drama are well above those of other plays of Odets which we have seen. They are direct, subtle and real. The outstanding parts are played by Lilly Kann and Martin Miller, once famous on the Berlin stage. Miss Kann gives a terrific performance as the matriarch who tyrannises over her family, drives her daughter into a disgusting marriage, and tries to wheedle a little money out of the unpleasantly successful visitor. He is admirably played by Harry Ross, a find from Unity. Only once does the matriarch's control break. The side of her that never developed is seen when she bursts out that she, too, would have liked to go places and see things, and that it is not her choice that she has spent her life managing and cheese-paring. Her aged father, played to admiration by Martin Miller, has found some compensation for a life of failure in the works of Marx and in two gramophone recordings of Caruso, which haunt the play at intervals. The climax comes when his daughter smashes the records when he goes on to the roof to exercise the dog and to kill himself. The pretty daughter, the idealistic son who breaks away from these sordid surroundings determined to build a New Jerusalem—these are types that are more than types in a play which is not built on theory, but on knowledge and on observation. If the new management of the Arts Theatre can provide us with a steady stream of plays and acting comparable with this, a windfall has come to the theatre-loving public of London. The membership fee of £2 2s. a year includes many club facilities and entitles members to one free ticket for each production. Occasional lectures, discussions and poetry readings will also be held.

"Bedtime Story," at the Royal.

None of the new films can be recommended except, perhaps, *Bedtime Story*. Elsewhere, Miss Anna Neagle shows what Amy Mollison might have been like if she had been like Anna Neagle. There is a trickle of fun in *Bedtime Story* inseparable from any film in which Robert Benchley plays the role of a helpful and buffeted third party. While he blethers amiably, Fredric March as a brilliant playwright, and Loretta Young as his wife and leading lady, who wants to give up the theatre, are supposed to provide the fireworks. They do at times, when farce is let loose, as in the stampede in a hotel bedroom at the end, but the seriousness of rehearsals and of butlers dropping a tear over a marriage going to bits provides rather thin entertainment.

Correspondence

THE FUTURE OF EDUCATION

SIR,—Some of Mr. Rowse's minor conclusions are unquestionable, but in the main I think he does poor service to education in making the antithesis between the Public Schools and the Secondary Schools a question of the formation of character as against the training of the intelligence. It is my belief that neither of these constitutes a satisfactory basis for education. Nor, in his scanty suggestions for practical reform, does the extension of vocational training for elementary pupils and a more intellectual and literary course for university aspirants fill the bill. For I submit that the characteristic of the whole of the epoch during which popular education has been greatly extended, is the veiled tendenciousness of the environment into which the semi-educated products of the schools are pitchforked. By that I mean that through the press, the pulpit, the wireless, the cinema, through every organ for reaching to the intelligence and emotions of the individual, come incessantly wave after wave of suggestion that the familiar existing social and economic order is the enduring standard; to be departed from, if at all, only reluctantly and in any case to be the standard of reference in any regrettable new departure.

What better reinforcement for a worn-out system could one seek than to frame an official educational system, say, in Manchester around the needs of its local industry, or in Norfolk to adopt that code of values which any official educational body is likely to approve there? Nor will the mere further cultivation of the intellect or the intelligence necessarily do anything other for secondary scholars than widen the range within which they are susceptible to this continuous propaganda. For unfortunately the power to apprehend through the intelligence is not necessarily the same as a power to criticise intelligently. This comes rather, I should have said, through the encouragement to the young to live sceptically; to challenge, continuously and on practical issues, the conventions under which they must of necessity live (for a life without some time-saving conventions is unthinkable). But in how many schools to-day are children allowed to overhaul and experiment with the conditions under which they live, or even left free to make mistakes under sympathetic and watchful protection, and to learn practically, and in due course humbly, by such conduct to discriminate between the various dictates of intelligence integrated with character?

In short, in the educational process, the encouragement to a handful of intelligent discrimination is worth a mountain of extensive intellectual cultivation. This ideal, I assert, can never be attained until schools are run wholeheartedly and entirely for the comfort and convenience of the child as he is, not with an eye on what he is to become either as agricultural worker, mechanic or intellectual worker. When the child's status inside the school is secure, when his relation with his attendant adults is such that he can confidently contradict and subsequently learn his errors, if any, not by the injunction of authority but by his own experience, then the generation will be coming with power and will to overcome the inertia which till then rolls us all, the thinking with the unthinking, along the painful grooves in which we live.

Beltane School. ANDREW TOMLINSON

SIR,—Mr. Rowse wishes the Board of Education to stand firm against any movement seeking to place education on a definitely Christian basis. He hopes that the Board will act thus, "on the view that the State is the proper guardian of the rights of the children as citizens to be." It is, however, difficult to show that a child, or anyone else, has by nature any rights at all except on the ultimate ground that he is a son of God. And, in practice as well as in philosophy, Christianity may well prove to be the most effective guardian of human rights, and the toughest opponents of those who would deny or infringe them.

Mr. Rowse is much impressed by the anti-Christian tendency of contemporary thought. But the present age is anti-Liberal and anti-intellectual as well as anti-Christian; and this fact is more unfortunate for him than it is for us, since the claims and the power of Christianity do not depend upon it being in the fashion.

Bramston's, Winchester. J. D'E. FIRTH

SIR,—As the elementary school has lately figured in your correspondence columns, may I briefly mention a personal experience?

Being profoundly disillusioned with the type of education meted out to our other children at conventional prep. schools, and having, furthermore, a wish to be in tune with the spirit of the times, we sent our youngest, then aged five, to the local Infants' School.

There he has spent two years learning a very unpleasant form of religion, seeing other children slapped, stood in corners and threatened with the police, perfecting the technique of standing in front of the class in order to detect and report defaulters, cleaning out the headmistress's chicken-house (clothes coupon crisis), learning in class to sing "There'll Always be a Nengland," "The Sailor with the Navy Blue Eyes," and much besides.

The camel's back was broken when he was honoured by being chosen to play the part of Malaya in the Empire Day Pageant, 1942.

We have now sorrowfully returned him to the prep. school where he is pronounced very backward in the "three R's." We expect everyone to say that this school is an exception. We hope so.

PARENT.

PROBLEM OF MR. CHURCHILL

SIR,—Your recent articles "The Problem of Mr. Churchill," etc., inevitably send the mind back over the historical procession of Prime Ministers of the Crown, one result being the impression that the field of selection, while it had broadened enormously down the ages, is still unnecessarily narrow. We had them at first, of course, from that almost perennial fountain, the landed gentry, both church and laymen; we have had successful generals, though even the Great Duke, curiously enough, didn't last; lawyers galore, of course; clever careerists, not by any means the least successful; one philosopher, A. J. Balfour, who was unfortunately not a geographer to boot; one simple proletarian, tout court; and finally, in the inter-war years, our Big Business men who have landed us . . . well, where we are. At present our affairs are being run by a mind which is an amazing amalgam of the aristocrat, the strategist, and the popular orator; a formula whose elements at least are familiar to us. And yet . . . ? That uneasy beast, the political mind, still finds fresh scents; the quarry, the ground, and the weapons are all new. At meteoric speed changes rush on us, panting to keep abreast. "A flying amphibious genius" has not been evolved, so far. It is a case of what have you . . .?

Well, what we have, but have never tried, are an engineer-premier, a great physician, an architect; in short, the scientific mind. We are always told, of course, that the mathematical mind is "not the type," but is it not possible that a scientific age demands a new approach? We might even venture on "twin" premiers, one for Home and one for Foreign Affairs, with power to increase to "quads," making room for one for the present and one for the future, thus affording scope for correction of the bias of the scientific or "planning" mind.

Whether this would arrange "the problem of Mr. Churchill" is another affair. Where he shines, prime and peerless, is in his appeal to the mind and heart of the nation. His word, his voice, his mood, are all pure magic. The place that calls for him has long been vacant in our body politic; it is the post of Public Orator.

T. BOWMAN

CHILD CRUELTY

SIR,—Mr. A. S. Neill and Aircraftman are right in refuting the idea that town evacuees are responsible for the ill-treatment of birds. The offenders are children who have been born and bred in the country. Harrying nests and slinging birds have always been practised by a few, but the activities I spoke of are a recent innovation and are becoming widespread. I agree with Mr. Neill that the cure does not lie in talks, but can only be prescribed after the cause is known.

This is an industrial area which has been badly hit by the depression, so that the spirit of many of the once industrious homes has become one of apathetic laxity. School teachers find their task becoming more and more difficult, and while corporal punishment is still resorted to, I am pleased to say it is not practised to the extent it used to be. I understand, too, that an appreciation of wild life is on the curriculum of all elementary schools. The effects of the war cannot be altogether ignored, because they are bound to aggravate any tendencies to cruelty. Furthermore, putting birds on the railway line seems to savour of the cinema, which is very popular. Perhaps we underestimate its power on under-developed minds and on minds already warped. On the other hand, if the children had a proper outlet for their creative instincts and a consequent self-respect, and love of life beyond themselves, the more pernicious films might cease to entertain them.

MARGARET W. BAILLIE

SIR,—The instances quoted by Mrs. Margaret W. Baillie of deliberate cruelty to birds by children find their counterpart in this village. The children concerned are boys evacuated from London, who practise deliberate cruelty not only on birds, but also on other creatures. No girl and no local child of either sex is concerned. I can give exact particulars to anyone who takes up this matter with a view to checking it.

JOHN R. BAKER

SIR,—When Margaret Baillie's letter appeared, I expected a reply like B. Willcock's, but I wonder whether there is any basis other than a sentimental one for his anthropocentric attitude and for the "playing off" of animals against human beings. It used to be argued that men might be indifferent to the welfare of animals because they had no immortal souls, but bodily pain seems to me a bad thing, and to a great extent the same thing, whatever kind of creature suffers it, and to be concerned exclusively for the welfare of human beings less parochial only in degree than to be concerned exclusively for the welfare of the well-to-do, the British, or the white races. No doubt most cruel children are only "experimenting with a mechanical toy"—probably young Mussolini dropping his bombs and watching the lovely spreading rose that appeared among the Abyssinian horsemen was more of a cruel child than a sadist—and adult indifference to suffering, both human and animal, is only the negative side of the same thing. But the fact that the children (and the indifferent grown-up) do not realise the suffering involved (whereas the real sadist realises it only too well), seems to me an argument for the fostering of imaginative sympathy in schools and on the wireless, not only for animals but for human beings as well. And if the lives of a few fledglings should happen to be saved through this correspondence, or some pain spared to an exploited domestic animal like the cow, defenceless, inarticulate and useful, I, for one, shall not grudge the space given to it in the dwindling pages of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

MARY LAUTERBACH

THURLOE SQUARE

SIR,—Last week in the Londoner's Diary, Critic had a sympathetic recollection of Ronald Kidd and the early work of the National Council for Civil Liberties.

He referred in this to the Thurloe Square "riot." This gives a rather misleading impression. The meeting at Thurloe Square was a perfectly orderly and peaceful one, until the police turned it into something more nearly approaching a "rout" than a "riot."

Your readers may remember that half a mile away, Mosley, who had been royally escorted down Constitution Hill, was speaking in the Albert Hall, cordoned off from the traffic, and with 2,000 police outside to look after him.

The Thurloe Square meeting was simultaneously conducting its orderly protest, when, just as a clergyman was about to address it, mounted police rode into the crowd and started batoning right and left. In their effort to escape, the bulging meeting was forced into the narrow compass of the Square; people were jammed up against the railings and, unable to get away, were punished by the police.

All this happened only six years ago, when Sir John Simon (as he was then) was Home Secretary. He refused to hold an official inquiry, and the National Council for Civil Liberties then conducted an unofficial inquiry. As memories are short, it is perhaps worth while briefly recalling the facts.

SYLVIA CROWTHER-SMITH

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

SIR,—In Mr. Raymond Mortimer's fanciful review of what this year's Royal Academy Exhibition might have been, it is stated that the Royal Academy is like a Victorian slum and has sunk to such a state that reconditioning is no longer practicable; the reason for this gentle rebuke, which is apparently intended to be serious, is that no one has sent a town-planning scheme to the Exhibition. Why the Royal Academy is responsible for this is not clear, but the implication that the Royal Academy takes no interest in town planning, if seriously meant, will surprise many who know what the R.A. Planning Committee, under the chairmanship of the President, is doing and has been doing for over two years for the replanning of London.

The preparation of this plan is a gigantic effort, and the result will, no doubt, be exhibited at the Royal Academy in due course.

A series of public discourses on town planning have also been given at the Royal Academy by the Planning Committee, and these were well attended by the general public.

Criticism, to be of any use, should be fair, and based on facts, but perhaps, like the rest of the review, it is in this case based on imagination and should not be taken seriously.

GILES GILBERT SCOTT

[Mr. Mortimer writes: "I knew that the P.R.A. was occupied with a gigantic scheme, of which I have heard much good, for the replanning of London. But London is not the only city in England, and it seems to me fantastic that the R.A. Exhibition includes not a single contribution to a matter of such sovereign importance. Surely architects should already be offering at least the outlines of various schemes for public discussion instead of presenting us with drawings of individual churches and office-buildings."—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

STRUGGLE IN GERMANY

SIR,—In order to make the British people acquainted with the underground struggle, which has been waged inside Germany against the Hitler gang ever since the Nazi regime came into power, and which is flaring up at present, the Free German League of Culture is preparing a great exhibition. The exhibition will show underground papers such as *Neuer Vorwärts*, *Rote Fahne*, *Neue Weltbühne*, etc., pamphlets, underground leaflets; it will also demonstrate the terror of the Gestapo against political opponents and Jews, as well as methods of the underground work, as far as they can be made public. Ample material from all oppositional groups, political as well as religious, is already at hand. But in order to make the exhibition as manifold and interesting as possible we should be grateful for any documents in private possession, such as letters, books by exiled German anti-Nazis, photos, etc.

All documents should be sent to the exhibition department of the Free German League of Culture, 36 Upper Park Road, N.W.3, where they will be carefully registered and looked after.

FREE GERMAN LEAGUE OF CULTURE

CONSCIOUS SELF-CONTROL

SIR,—I note Dr. Barlow's letter disagreeing with my view of Mr. F. M. Alexander's latest book. I think it a mistake for reviewers, who have conscientiously read a book and expressed their honest opinion on it, to reply to those who take a different view. Dr. Barlow says that "Alexander's difficulty has always been to make his discoveries intelligible to the reasonably intelligent reader"; adding that "he contents himself with leaving the individual to find out the new belief for himself." I fail to see the object of presenting to the public a doctrine in the form of a book, if "no verbal description can do justice" to it; and if such a description "would mean something only to the person who had actually had the experience described." I am almost morbidly susceptible to new ideas; but I must have them intelligibly presented if I am to be convinced. I do not find a word in the book which leads me to believe in the possibility of man, by the exercise of his conscious will, so influencing a central controlling instrument within him—the existence of which is not proved—that he himself can be said to have the power of regulating and harmonising the visceral activities and reactivities which largely determine health and disease.

HARRY ROBERTS

FAMILY ALLOWANCES

SIR,—You say in the course of your leading article that "the family allowance payable in respect of all children is a plain recognition of the child's right and value to the community: a second or third child scheme is merely a subsidy to certain parents."

I should like to suggest that these remarks, however correct in principle, would not in practice secure the maximum return for the money spent. Mr. Seebohm Rowntree in his Survey of York found that over half the children existing below his minimum standard belonged to families with three or more dependent children, and also that over half the children in those families were existing below the minimum and hence undernourished. If, therefore, one is permitted to make the assumption that the funds available to finance the scheme are not unlimited, it follows that a proportionately increased allowance, restricted to the parents of three or more dependent children, would do more to cure the ills of society than a flat allowance for each child.

Incidentally, a disadvantage of this universal grant, from the working-class point of view, appears to exist in the possibility that, in subsequent negotiations with employers, any consideration of the "living wage" might have regard to the needs of a man and wife only, on the ground that all dependent children were provided for by the Government scheme.

14 Leadenhall Street, K. M. PARRY
London, E.C.3.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS

SIR,—Many universities, both at home and abroad, have had their libraries destroyed by enemy action, and these must be replaced as a first step in the reconstruction of university life when peace comes.

During the present hunt for salvage many books and journals are being pulped which would yield only a small contribution to the war effort but a much greater contribution to the restoration of post-war universities. The British Federation of University Women is therefore trying to collect any books and journals suitable for academic libraries. We ask any of your readers who could spare sets, volumes or even odd numbers of scientific journals to send us particulars of what is available. If possible, we should like the donors to keep these books till the end of the war, as it is safer to have them dispersed, but if they wish to get rid of them depots will be arranged to which the books may be sent.

KATHERINE H. COWARD
IDA SMEDLEY MACLEAN
Committee on International Relations.
16, King Street,
Reading, Berkshire.

POLISHING OFF THE WAR

SIR,—I wonder if you could find space in your column to mention the order which has been issued to many fire stations recently that paint should be removed from all brasswork on appliances and the brasswork kept polished.

You may know that the Fire Brigades' Union has been working out a scheme to put the men on to "productive work." The men know of this and are very keen about it. You can imagine, therefore, the spirit of discontent which has been engendered by this order of more polish. It has in fact given birth to a slogan, "Give us more polish to win this war." No particular brand of polish is mentioned, so don't think it's an advertising campaign.

We are told by our superior officers that we are not yet efficient enough in our drills. We maintain that we are well able to put in all the necessary drilling, cleaning of appliances and gear from 7 a.m. till 1 p.m. This leaves us free to put in valuable time in productive work during the whole of the afternoon.

Until our superior officers are able to prove to us that we are wrong in this argument the spirit of discontent will continue to grow and, what is far more important, work, which could be helping to win the war in 1942, will be left undone.

FIREMAN

BOOKS IN GENERAL

At the 17th International Congress of the P.E.N. Club, held in London last autumn, a large number of speeches were made by distinguished writers from all over the world, at least from the world that is at war with Italy, Germany and Japan. Their views are now collected in an exceptionally interesting volume, *Writers in Freedom: A Symposium.* (Edited by Herman Ould. Hutchinson, 8*s.* 6*d.*) Listening to this orchestra one cannot but be aware of the missing instruments. We miss the resolute Russian brass, their note made broader and more intimate to us since national feeling broke into it; and we miss—what is it? Is it the counterpoise of our enemies? There, where the orchestration becomes thin, our own *motifs* too repetitive and set, we feel the absence of their contribution, and are distracted by a wondering curiosity about it. It is our enemies who, after all, have made our ideas about freedom and a good world after the war more urgent and more precise to us. What has happened to these enemy writers? Is every writer in these countries, though he supports his country, an enemy? For ten years or more writers have been exhorted to acquire in some degree a political mind, to recover man's social or corporate personality, to play a part in the present revolution, and, by a complete and energetic citizenship, to merge with the State, or, rather, with some hypothetical and desired State of the future. Now in Germany, at least, this experience has become obligatory. How has it affected the German writers? Do we really know? The speech made by W. W. Schuetz, an exile in this country, suggests that the rubber stamp of totalitarianism does not always make a clear impression. It has produced some interesting smudges, blurs and evasions.

Naturally, we can know little about the inner minds of our enemies either when they are blatantly inimical or covertly are our friends. But it is important to remember that their mind exists, if only because that should check the morbid and histrionic rush of democratic writers to assume guilt and responsibility for the past. Everyone feels guilty at a deathbed, but disease has done the killing. Has Fascism no guilt and no failures, even by its own standards? Has Italian rhetoric, for example, any meaning still for Marinetti? Why have many German writers who were passive to Hitler started to turn to theology? Writers are not leaders, and though, as Mr. J. B. Priestley points out, there has been an increasing appeal from the public to the writers, that appeal would have been addressed with more force to economists and men of science. But not with much more force: the future will never be good if it is left in the hands of experts of any kind; it will never be safe in the hands of people who by profession are easily tempted to treat men as ideas instead of men. Swift's island of Laputa is the classic statement of what happens to a State which is ruled by its intellectuals, and is, incidentally, a very good allegory of our culture during the last twenty or thirty years.

I am not saying, of course, that the writer has no advice to give about the future. I am trying to limit his responsibilities. They begin and end with his vision. Rousseau is responsible for what Rousseau saw, not for all the catastrophes of Rousseau-ism. We do not blame Tolstoy for failing to stop war. The history of literature is filled with failures, entirely irrelevant failures, from Richardson's failure to prevent the seduction of young ladies to the failure of the Psalmist to save Israel. To judge by the P.E.N. Club speeches, the once popular idea that writers should be leaders or that all writers must be actively engaged in important practical political work appears, on the whole, to be dying. Mr. Robert Neumann tells with caustic sadness the story of Jules Romains's innocent but preposterous errors in this direction. While most writers spoke out for the better world—even Mr. E. M. Forster wanted "a new mess" and not the old one—the stress was more and more on the interpretative role. Crudely, for Mr. Dos Passos, the writer must be a good citizen:

> He has got to understand—I do not mean complain about, I mean understand—the industrial set-up that is so ruthlessly changing the face of society and he has got to tackle the problem of power. His business is to justify the ways of machinery to man. . . . . . The problem is to control the man who has got hold of the throttle.

The public turns to the writer because he writes on the level of personal life, says Mr. Priestley; because under our elaborate economic mechanised life the personal life seems to recede. What the writer needs is compassion for ordinary people. Put this in the words of Miss Storm Jameson: there will be a war after the war, the war for the renewal of life.

> Anything like the moral collapse after the last war—the idiot rejoicings, the ignorance, the short-sighted greed, the apathy—would ruin us. . . . The writer has a double duty. To remind the gentlemen who direct the Reconstruction Commissions that the unit of value in the world is not a mile of foreign territory, or a dollar, or even a bushel of wheat, but a single human being, the most obscure, the least outspoken. . . . To put it brutally, the writer is not born to express *himself*. His egoism is worthless unless it embraces the egoisms of other people. He has no knowledge of reality if the only reality he knows is that of his own sufferings and pleasures.

Better still is M. Denis Saurat:

> Is there a function of literature which cannot be fulfilled by anything else? I think there is. Literature has not as its function the creation of dogma, or as an aim even to discuss or propose dogma to the masses. Literature has its field, it seems to me, in the movement of the human heart and spirit, not in the acquisition of dogma or scientific laws. All discoveries are acquisitions of the human mind, and they change as a rule very quickly; but the human heart and spirit do not change so quickly, and that is the test to which ultimately all dogma, and even—I am not afraid to say—all scientific discovery has to be put. . . . In an age when it was forbidden to French writers to have even an opinion about religious matters, I consider that a great contribution to the religious evolution of mankind was made by Molière. By creating those two characters—Tartuffe, on the one hand, and Alceste on the other—Molière taught that there are some things that won't do, that the human heart and mind rebel against such a position as Tartuffe's.

In Arthur Koestler we come to a dense elaboration of the position of Mr. Dos Passos. It begins amusingly:

> One of the great Russians, I think it was Turgenev, could only write with his feet in a bucket of hot water under his desk facing the open window of his room. . . . . The hot water stands for inspiration, the subconscious, the creative source. . . . The open window stands for the world, the raw material of the artist's creation. . . .

You can keep your feet in the bucket but draw the curtains because of the row in the street. You can lean out of the window and join in the row, but let your feet out of the bucket. You can compromise and keep the curtains half-drawn peeping at reality. Mr. Koestler's moral is obvious. He goes on to an arduously expressed piece of literary criticism, begging the novelist to place his characters' life in its "geometrical place in a co-ordinate system, the axes of which are represented by the dominating facts, ideas and tendencies of the time." The novelist should, generally speaking, know more about a man than the man knows about himself. Hasn't the novelist always done this? And when he has not—in *Robinson Crusoe*, for example—are not the implications still there? It may not be in the matter at all, but in the style; it may be not what is put in, but what is left out, that will make a novel contemporary in the sense that Mr. Koestler desires.

I have touched on only a few of the points of view expressed in this crowded symposium. For myself I am suspicious when writers are singled out or when they single themselves out to save the world, for writers have the same passions as other men. And would Germany have had no lust for power if there had been no Nietzsche? One of the greatest duties of writers is to be various and not to run in herds. They will be more various the more they have contact with what are mistakenly called ordinary people who live the deep variety of human feeling without knowing it. It is important, as some of the P.E.N. speakers said, to recover one's repressed corporate personality, for one can be just as neurotic in sociological terms as one can be in the terms of private life; but I am afraid that corporate personality is not acquired with a political faith. It is natural for writers to want to decide something and to be important, simply because imagination does give you importance; but really what writers need is what leaders, planners, political, scientific, economic, military, so easily lose—humility before human beings. A specialist, militant, organising age does not encourage humility. But one of the good things of the war has been that writers have been made very unimportant in it and very unimportant to themselves. Even the propaganda is done by the advertising profession. This retreat, indeed this shuffling off into anonymity, ought to have benefits for the world after the war. We enormously need the teachers to be, for a time, the taught.

V. S. PRITCHETT

NEW NOVELS

No. 21 Castle Street. By H. W. KATZ. *Chapman and Hall.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Period Piece. By FRANCES GRAY. *Constable.* 6*s.*

Saratoga Trunk. By EDNA FERBER. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Bird of the Wilderness. By VINCENT SHEEAN. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A novel which would have little significance without the support of historical events cannot be a good novel. But it may be a good book. In *War and Peace* individuals move within certain historical circumstances; *No. 21 Castle Street* is a framework of historical circumstances into which an enormous number of individuals are rather uneasily fitted. The framework of this book is familiar and tragic enough, beginning with schooldays in the Germany of 1916 and ending in exile for the narrator in April, 1933. The narrator is a Galician Jew, and the majority of the abundant characters belong to this despised and precarious community of refugees. These Eastern Jews are neglected even by their German co-religionists. Yet sanctuary of a sort has been found; after the pogroms of Tsarist Poland, nearly all had discovered in Weimar Germany a blessed exchange.

Familiar events have their expected repercussions on the small Saxon town. Old schoolmasters weep as the soldiers march home in 1918; twenty-six are killed in the fighting which follows the Kapp Putsch; the nationalists fulminate against Rathenau. The inflation has its ludicrous side: "'Here is half a million,' Father would say. 'But the cheapest movie-seat is eight hundred thousand marks to-day,' his sons protested."

There is nothing unexpected about this book. Everyone reacts to the Nazis exactly as one would predict. The pompous and cowardly are ready with their salutes as soon as Hitler's election is announced. The crooks and sadists are Nazis from the start. This is the great weakness of the book, that it pursues the probable often to the extent of complete improbability. The Prince de Guermantes was *not* an Anti-Dreyfusard, although it was superficially probable that he would become one. *No. 21 Castle Street* is a two-dimensional book, a narrative of types and events. Even the narrator seldom becomes more than the impersonal "I" of the journalist's report.

But life is preserved by a hint of Zoshchenko's bitter naivety—a hint of Hemingway's flatness. Minor persecution, such as the soiling of Jewish linen by Aryan carpet-beaters, is described at exactly the same pitch as the gross cruelty of the prison and the streets. Herr Katz is capable of real psychological insight when he is describing

Jewish family life—the revolt of the young against the tyranny of the Synagogue; their hatred of Hebrew and their affection for football. This is the novel of a man who would have written better on a far smaller scale, but who has been driven to attempt the tremendous by the tremendous quality of his experiences. It is not a tremendous book, but it is vivid, convincing and remarkably free from the shrill scream of persecution mania.

There should surely be no need to look before leaping from German Jewry in 1933 to a rich English country house six years later. But if Miss Frances Gray is to be believed—and she is not—the life of the smart in England is as vivid in psychological horror as all the physical torments of Nazi persecution. *Period Piece* is an exceedingly funny and sophisticated book. If Mr. Waugh and Miss Compton Burnett had never lived, it could not have been written; but this is not to say that Miss Gray has failed to assimilate her influences. *Period Piece* has been rubbed with Mansion Polish until you can see your face in it; however distorted a face, it is in some obscene sense your own.

But there is a pit for the writer who makes a god of sophistication, and although Miss Gray never quite falls into it, there are moments of almost intolerable vertigo. The height of sophistication is only an inch or two from the abyss of vulgarity. Every wise-crack must hit the mark; every character must be free from the least hint of self-consciousness. Nothing in the world is more vulgar than the sophistication of Twentieth Century Blues. Like Mr. Waugh, Miss Gray is full of admiration for her characters, and sometimes she is altogether too indulgent to them. Miss Uttoxeter (the name is enough) begins as a smart smart young thing with a passion for Lenin. This is wildly unpromising material, but in fact Miss Uttoxeter is cleverly presented as a very engaging and amusing dummy. And so she should remain. But instead Miss Gray makes a serious attempt to elevate this absurdity into a woman of flesh and blood, even of soul. It is the same with almost all the characters. They make their ludicrous marionette entrances, only to go through a quite unnecessary and unsuccessful incarnation later in the book. It is as reasonable to write about dummies as about credible people. It would be absurd, for example, to complain that no child has ever talked as Compton Burnett children talk. But characters which begin as dummies must end as dummies—or get the worst of both worlds.

With these reservations *Period Piece* can be praised up to the skies for its humour alone. Funny books are too rare for us to be snooty.

I would never have believed it possible to infuse the success story of a multi-millionaire with the fragrant nostalgia of *Les Trois Valses* and *Carnet de Bal*. But this is what Miss Edna Ferber has strangely achieved. Old Clint Maroon—the name casts a spell in the first sentence—is being interviewed by a throng of journalists on his eighty-ninth birthday; beside him stands the enigmatic, still lovely figure of his wife Clio. Back we go, as in all the films *à la mode*, to the beginning of it all; in this case to New Orleans in the 'seventies. The advantage of this method is that one is assured of a happy ending as soon as the book is opened. Clio is a demi-mondaine adventuress, newly arrived from Paris to the city where her mother had loved too well, twenty years before. With fluff and pomp and gorgeous descriptions of her outrageous clothes she sweeps the city off its feet of clay. The most enjoyable of many enjoyable things is the elaborate description of food. Here is a dish which is quite enough to justify the whole of this fluffy book: "Garlic and chorices and ham and rice and tomatoes and onions and shrimps and oysters, all stewed up together."

When six-foot Clint Maroon arrives, a Texan colt with ponchos and dreamy eyes and tongue-tied charm, we are immediately at home again. Mr. Gary Cooper is always welcome. But from this point on, the book is a description of the conversion of Cooper into Gable. Clio bundles him away to Saratoga, the nest of the Vanderbilts, the Carnegies and the Morgans. The railway boom is on, and we are torn from the menus and fashion plates of New Orleans to the land of the Bad Men. Clio is a Scarlett O'Hara, with twenty times more charm. In no time she has manœuvred her Clint into the savage intrigues of the "Saratoga Trunk," and he has obligingly left his awkward stage behind. Together they defeat the millionaires, and live happily until the beginning of the book. This is a very pleasant piece of nonsense.

Bird of the Wilderness is not so pleasant and there is no nonsense about it at all. Mr. Sheean has written a depressing but effective book on an almost exhausted subject. There is hardly a single nineteenth-century French novel in which a young man is not infatuated by an older woman. To tread in such venerable steps needs more discretion than Mr. Sheean can offer. In this case the adolescent has the initial disadvantages of a German mother and a home in the provincial America of 1917. The combination makes him fanatically anti-German; and indeed the tone of the book would not be displeasing to Lord Vansittart. Mr. Sheean is at his best in describing public events, and anyone passionately interested in the Hughes-Wilson election would do well to read it.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

GENERAL DE GAULLE

Charles de Gaulle. Par PHILIPPE BARRÈS. *Continental Publishers and Distributors.* 5s.

Charles de Gaulle. By PHILIPPE BARRÈS. *Hutchinson.* 9s. 6d.

M. Philippe Barrès arrived in this country from France within a fortnight of the capitulation. He was not merely a journalist of the most unblemished reputation, who had kept outside party politics and who, knowing Germany well, had given the most solemn warnings to his compatriots. He also bore a name and represented a tradition prouder than that of any Duc, for he was the son of Maurice Barrès, the prophet of resistance to Germany and the most eminent French writer of his time. To those of us, therefore, who knew France, his decision to be an exile was an exhilarating symbol.

His book on General de Gaulle appears simultaneously in French and English. The French version is cheaper and better printed, while the English translation is not very felicitous. M. Philippe Barrès dedicates the book to the memory of his father, "qui connut l'invasion allemande deux fois, en 1870 et en 1914, et qui ne désespéra jamais de notre pays, ni de la liberté des esprits du monde." He begins by recounting how he first heard the name of Gaulle in Berlin in 1934—from the lips of Ribbentrop. Already the German High Command were studying Gaulle's technical books on mechanised warfare. These showed—and M. Philippe Barrès gives a number of most telling quotations—that the valleys of the Meuse and the Sambre were the Achilles heel of France, vulnerable to assault by tanks with aeroplane support. The French General Staff took no notice, and in 1935, when Reynaud, prompted by Gaulle, called in the Chamber for six armoured divisions, the Minister of War, prompted by his experts, refused. The Germans, on the other hand, took all too much notice, and when they attacked Poland their technique, M. Barrès declares, was "based directly on the French theories that our High Command had ignored."

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8/6

MACMILLAN

In January, 1940, Gaulle submitted a memorandum based on the Polish campaign; again his warnings were neglected; and in June M. Philippe Barrès, who was serving at G.H.Q., heard these words:

> The entire French army has been disrupted by five thousand enemy tanks and two thousand aeroplanes . . . led and manned by roughly a hundred thousand troops. And opposed to them we have five million practically helpless Frenchmen. De Gaulle is the only one of us who understood. . . .

The second half of the book describes the armistice, General de Gaulle's appeal to his countrymen, the subsequent formation of the *Forces françaises libres*, their achievements, and some of the individuals serving under the *Croix de Lorraine*. M. Philippe Barrès was in Tours and then in Bordeaux during the last calamitous days. He saw Reynaud and Mme. de Portes. (How ironical that the shame of France should have been hastened by the influence of a woman neither beautiful nor witty!) He saw Herriot, in tears. When a Major who had been a favourite of Weygand's emphasised the resources of the British Empire, "Within a week England will be forced to sue for peace," the General answered; and when the Major continued to urge resistance, "Je ne vous reconnais plus," Weygand broke out, "Vous êtes pourri, mon ami." This phrase deserves to follow Weygand into history, but it was certainly very difficult for a Frenchman to believe that we could, and would, continue.

The act of faith in the inseparable destinies of his country and ours that was made by General de Gaulle is also already a part of history. Perhaps if others had been here to make it, they would have done so. In fact, standing alone with not one French general or politician or ambassador at his side, he inaugurated the future of France. Since then, through the wireless, he has become a symbol of liberation in the hearts of the vast majority of Frenchmen.

M. Philippe Barrès presents the General only as a technician and a patriot, avoiding any suggestion that he has either the talents or the ambitions of a statesman. But the book quotes some of his remarks that are important, though it could not include his recent broadcasts emphasizing his dependence upon the working class. Some English and American writers have not disguised their uneasiness about the General. He is unapproachable and difficult to work with. They believe him to be naturally autocratic, and fear that, with the prestige gained by the help of the British Government, he will be in a position to impose himself and his ideas upon France. M. Philippe Barrès quotes Reynaud saying: "De Gaulle a du caractère—il a même un foutu caractère." (In the English version this has been modified into: "He's got too God-damned much spirit.") But I believe these fears to be groundless. In the first place, the French in France have endured and dared, in their clandestine warfare, no less than the heroic *Forces françaises libres*; they have had more than their fill of authoritarian government, and profoundly as they honour the General, they are intent upon liberty. Secondly, the British and American peoples are not fighting to make the world safe from democracy, and they will make certain that France is free to elect her own government. Thirdly, the General himself has been careful to give a solemn pledge "de rendre compte de mes actes aux représentants du peuple français dès qu'il lui aura été possible d'en désigner librement." (The English version, again, lacks precision, omitting to translate the essential word "lui.") Finally, here are the General's words to M. Philippe Barrès:

> The Vichy Government has violated the Constitution of 1875, which for me is still valid. When France is liberated I shall abandon the prerogatives that the exigencies of command during the war may have led me to assume. France herself, through her popular assemblies, freely chosen, will then decide the form of her government.

These words constitute an unconditional guarantee.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

NEWSREELS FROM RUSSIA

Russian Newsreel. By CHARLOTTE HALDANE. *Secker and Warburg.* 10s. 6d.

The Kremlin and the People. By WALTER DURANTY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 5s.

Readers of Mrs. Haldane's despatches from Russia to the *Daily Sketch* will be agreeably surprised by her *Russian Newsreel.* With the exception of Cholerton whose messages were vivid and virile through his general knowledge of Russia, most of the Special Correspondents in Moscow and Kuibyshev sent castrated reports announcing the titanic happenings of the Eastern Front in a pitiful squeak. Mrs. Haldane gives some of the reasons for this and compensates for the involuntary weakness of her own news-stories by a well-written book of *reportage*.

Last winter was the season of mutual discontents in Anglo-Soviet "Public Relations." Our delay in establishing a press agency in Russia, although the Poles had already had one for six months, seemed to the Russians to correspond with a lack of political goodwill. Our Special Correspondents in Moscow were simultaneously receiving only guarded information, limited facilities for acquiring it and restricted opportunities for transmitting it. You will, no doubt, hear from time to time that British representatives in Russia during the winter have complained of Soviet reticence. When I read the names and publications of some members of official missions, I can understand why the Soviet Government does not give them immediate access to its State and industrial secrets. But the sheep have to suffer for the goats and the well-disposed have in the past received the same cautious treatment from the Russians as has the clutter of cynical camp followers attendant on Moscow missions. Mrs. Haldane persistently emphasises the need for frankness between the two countries, and the underlying need for relations to be in the hands not of cold professional diplomats who shut themselves away in the drawing rooms of Embassies and Consulates but of men and women with a basic sympathy for the Soviet people. The friendly hand must come from Britain; twenty years of well-justified suspicion of British intentions have made the Soviet official a man of embarrassing silences.

Russian Newsreel is written in an amiable personal style with references to "poor saps," "incorrigible wisecrackers," "chicken feed," and so on. Mrs. Haldane reports the same events and visits as the other British correspondents in Russia at the time, but she lacks the grace of Werth and the solemnity of Cholerton. But whereas Werth is often graceful when he should be solemn and Cholerton solemn when he should be graceful, Mrs. Haldane bustles along conversationally and in a sequence of bright sketches gives the best description of a Russian ballet performance which I have read. She has written a lot of sound common sense about Russia and even the many redundancies of the book—a special redundancy is her constant reference (complete with picture) to her fur coat—are not unentertaining.

Duranty's book is also written in a conversational style and could have been entitled "Small Talk about Russia." Apocryphal anecdotes are followed by supposititious interviews. He repeats the Nazi story that a Viennese specialist was summoned to the Kremlin to report on Stalin's health. After finishing his report, "they summoned him back again, to examine *another* Stalin and *another* and *another*, five in all, and each time to write a report." Duranty adds that it's a charming story but not true.

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DENT

In the same way, he conjures up Stalin's meeting with Zhdanov to receive a report on Yagoda. "Stalin read the report and frowned, 'This . . . is . . . dynamite . . .', he said, scowling."

Duranty writes in fact like an authoritative visionary. Parenthetically he says of Hess, "How much ink has been spilt over Hess, to what far-fetched and frivolous conjectures! But the truth is simple enough. Hess was surely flying to Ireland . . ." For all I know, Hess might indeed have been flying to Ireland, but Duranty's conjecture—a method which he applies to Soviet affairs—is no more factually authoritative than any other guess. Duranty is sound on the Soviet Union during the pre-Munich period and the Russo-German Pact. He gives an admirable account of public opinion concerning these events which makes me regret the anecdotal bavardage of Duranty, the Kremlin Columnist.

MAURICE EDELMAN

THE B.B.C. IN WARTIME

The Power Behind the Microphone. By P. P. ECKERSLEY. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

B.B.C. By PAUL BLOOMFIELD. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 9s.

It is curious that so little has been written about the future of the B.B.C. Those incompletely repressed plans for post-war reconstruction seldom include a mention of broadcasting. Yet a radical change in broadcasting control seems not unlikely after the war. For the last decade, the B.B.C. has appeared to the public extraordinarily complacent, pathetically affected by the palsy of bureaucracy, at the same time too willing in its adaptability to the course of events, too suave and virtuous in its manner, and too nervous of the common touch.

When war came, the public would not have been shocked if the B.B.C. had become a Government Department and, if the war had started on the right foot, that development would have been welcomed as a sign of realism. But, in common with other mysterious failures to implement the Government's assumption of control over persons and property, the B.B.C. was allowed to maintain its external forms of independence. At first, the Government touched it gingerly. As a result, the B.B.C. in wartime is bewildered by the lack of precise directive, perplexed by its ignorance of plans and policies, a prey to "reorganisations."

That is not to say that the staff of the corporation is ignorant or foolish. It is busy, not to say overworked. There are professors and journalists, novelists and psychologists, barristers and advertisers, poets and wits: all have entered in the biggest trek of modern times. There are nearly 12,000 of them, ant-like in their industry, in their monitoring of foreign programmes, in their deep-delving intelligence memoranda, in their scores of news summaries, their hundreds of translations, thousands of scripts, millions of occupied broadcasting time units. Their efforts to keep in touch with one another and with the outside world are stupendous. The broadcaster dimly perceives their struggles when he sees the official stamps on his script: "Passed for Security," "Passed for Policy," and notices the roneoed pages, signifying a multiple circulation. He would be a fool who did not pay tribute to the achievements of these loyal workers, their civilised outlook, their perspicacity. Here is a mountain, where once there wasn't even a mole hill. But to what end the mountain?

The B.B.C. has no coherent policy, no pole star. The life of the hive is surrounded by the discipline imposed by prohibitions, not commands. No one seems to know the words of command. Not even the common man—so dearly loved by the modern producer. His phoney utterances are reserved for the script writer. Better to cover up the embarrassment of the little man, when confronted with "the mystique of broadcasting."

It's a pity more informative books are not written about broadcasting. Perhaps they will be when the poets and professors come out after the war. There's a real need to understand broadcasting (and its inevitable successor, Television) and be prepared for the coming changes. What will be these changes? Two recent books suggest the end of monopoly. Mr. P. P. Eckersley (First B.B.C. Chief Engineer) is inclined to the technique of "wired wireless" with all its implications of decentralisation, differentiation and improved reception. The theme of Mr. Eckersley's book is the improvement of broadcasting as a service to the listener—an objective often forgotten in the present era of Public Relations Officers—and he writes with a knowledge and cogency which insists that his book be read. In fact, two chapters should be made obligatory for courses in citizenship. In Chapter 5 he describes the pre-war international aspects of broadcasting—"200 men, 100 days, 20,000 men-days, and no alteration of any magnitude. We once did it over the telephone." In Chapter 12, "The Fate of an Idea", he describes his struggles with science: there never was a more clearly documented, damning indictment of the power of vested interests and the agony of bureaucratic delays.

Mr. Paul Bloomfield's book, *B.B.C.*, is slighter but more diverting. All the 12,000 employees of the B.B.C. must have laughed—and wept—over it. Like Mr. Eckersley, the author speculates about the end of monopoly and in addition, he foresees an official "Radio Whitehall" as one of the component parts in a competitive system.

NEW DOGMAS IN MEDICINE

Disease and the Social System. By ARTHUR GUIRDHAM. *Allen & Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Dr. Guirdham's principal thesis is not that disease is due to the so-called artificialities of civilised life, or to such economic by-products as malnutrition and slum conditions. Nor is his book concerned with diseases specific to dangerous trades. The author argues, in the words of the blurb, that "the beliefs we inherit are responsible not only for psychological but for physical disease." He holds that "psychological and physical diseases are interchangeable, and that unmistakably physical diseases are the patient's solution of psychological situations." That psychic morbidity or trauma, as manifested in anxiety and mental strain contributes to, if it does not actually cause, several physical diseases which have of late become increasingly common, is fairly established; but it is hard to accept Dr. Guirdham's contention that the great reduction in infectious diseases in this and neighbouring countries "contributes to an increase in morbidity from such strain diseases as peptic ulcer, rheumatism, etc." The book is full of dogmatic statements which would seem to be opposed to the teachings of both laboratory research and clinical experience. On the other hand, in every chapter are criticisms of, and comments on, currently accepted doctrine calculated to set even the informed reader critically wondering. The matter of the book is expressed with dogmatism, and the book is composed of short, abrupt sentences comparable with the sound of machine-gun fire. Here is a short, typical extract:

> Man's psyche is warped and mutilated by the surge of pain. The lab. boy knows the answer. Truth lies hidden in a well. This is debatable. But it is inconceivable that truth should reside in a test-tube. Greece died. Night fell. The candles still burned in Arabia. Day came with the Renaissance. It was a curious and insatiable age. Da Vinci was its child. Engineer, painter, anatomist, he saw too, through the smoke-screen of

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E. J. SHALCROSS, 2 St. Paul's Road, Tottenham, N.17, writes :—"For some long time now my wife has had rheumatism in hands and feet very severely, almost lost the use of her hands. Tried three or four of the well advertised remedies but useless. About a month ago I induced her to try 'ASPRO' (I am a firm believer in 'ASPRO' myself). She took six in the first day. Next morning the swelling in the joints had gone down considerably and the pain was much easier. Now after about four weeks she is wonderfully well, swellings almost gone, pain ditto, only a slight tenderness remains, even does some washing, a thing she hasn't done for a long time past. Everybody about here who knows her says it is wonderful. She still takes about two a day."
In Times of Stress 'ASPRO' Soothes Nerve Strain & Brings Sweet Sleep
Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.
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OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Health tip!
COOLTIPT
the cigarette* with the natural filter—cotton wool—which absorbs all the dust as well as the heat and nicotine.
ABDULLA COOLTIPT 20 for 2/-
* For 'Virginia' Smokers

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY writes :—
"The Royal Cancer Hospital deserves the fullest support that can be given to it by all who have sympathy with suffering, and its appeal should meet with a most generous response, especially from those who, as Christians, are pledged to do what they can to bring comfort to any who are in distress."
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uncertain date, the truths that Harvey classified. In a society vitalised by such minds, medicine joined the crusade for mechanistic explanation. We omnivorously dissected the human body. We tore the first veils from human biology. It is not the first time that medicine has erred by succumbing to the infection of current thought. To-day we worship the mammon of bureaucracy. We bow too much to the half-alien goddess of laboratory science.

The note-book of a man with a curious and critical mind. It will interest and stimulate knowledgeable readers who can distinguish heterodox truth from fallacious heresy.

HARRY ROBERTS

Columella: De Re Rustica, I-IV. Translated by HARRISON BOYD ASH.
Philo, Vol. IX. Translated by F. H. COLSON.
Greek Mathematical Works, Vol II (Aristarchus to Pappus of Alexandria). Translated by IVOR THOMAS. LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY. *Heinemann.* Each volume, cloth 10*s.*, leather 12*s.* 6*d.*

These three new Loeb Classics maintain the high standard of the series, in which 363 volumes have now appeared. Columella, who has been comparatively neglected since the eighteenth century, was widely studied in earlier ages, and Milton, in his treatise *On Education*, especially recommended him together with Cato and Varro. His *Res Rustica*, as Professor Ash says, is the most comprehensive and systematic of all the works of Roman writers on agriculture. The Philo volume contains several of his well-known philosophical treatises, including the "Contemplative Life," "Every Good Man is Free," the "Eternity of the World," and one historical piece on Flaccus, the notorious persecutor of the Jews in the reigns of Tiberius and Gaius. Mr. Ivor Thomas again shows mastery in his handling of the Greek mathematicians and their science, and his second volume, like his first, is admirably arranged and amply annotated and documented. It covers a long space, from the third century B.C. to the fourth century A.D. The celebrated Archimedes bulks large in the earlier period, and Pappus at the end. Pappus' greatest work, the *Collection*, as Mr. Thomas observes, is "a handbook to the whole of Greek geometry, and is now our sole source for much of the history of that science."

The Last of Uptake. By SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH. Illustrated by REX WHISTLER. *Batsford.* 15*s.*

Mr. Harcourt-Smith possesses a very nice sense of period and writes an elegant prose. The result is a pleasingly dandified tale, *scuola del Cavaliere Beerbohm*. The hero is a grand Palladian mansion, which two old ladies set on fire, to save it from an unworthy owner. The action occurs about a hundred years ago, so that the author can exploit doubly his sense of the past, by a contrast between the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Mr. Whistler has embellished the work with some twenty illustrations, figuring the glories of portico and Chinese summer-house and monumental bridge. (He has represented, one notices with regret, the "Indian" hot-house with Gothic but no Oriental details.) The book, handsomely produced, is a pre-war Christmas present, which deserves to lie upon a console designed by Kent in the saloon of a Sezincote or a Mereworth.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BEETHOVEN: *Trio in E flat, op.* 70, No. 2. Fr. Grinke, Florence Hooten, Kendall Taylor (Decca K1069–71).
GRIEG: *'Cello Sonata, op.* 36. William Pleeth and Margaret Good (Decca K1048–51).
PURCELL-LAMBERT: "*Comus*" *Ballet.* Hallé Orch., cond. Lambert (Col. DX1076–7).
SCHUBERT: *Four Impromptus, op.* 90. Clifford Curzon (Decca K1018–20).
DEBUSSY: *Preludes*, 2nd Book. Kathleen Long (Decca K1052–6).
RACHMANINOFF: *Preludes, op.* 23, Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10; *op.* 32, Nos. 1 and 6. Moura Lympany (Decca K1026–7).
BYRD: *Mass for Five Voices.* The Fleet Street Choir (Decca K1058–60).
KENNEDY-FRASER: *Songs of the Hebrides.* Astra Desmond and Marie Konchinska (Decca K977).
Album of RUSSIAN SONGS: Oda Slobodskaya, acc. Ivor Newton (Rimington, Van Wyck).

It seems likely that, in pairing the two Trios which form his op. 70, Beethoven intended to exhibit, by contrast, the two sides of his nature: a practice in which Brahms later followed his example. The D major Trio is hard, mysterious and at moments gloomy. The E flat, on the other hand, has none of that strangeness and sinister power; it has the sweetness of Mendelssohn, without that composer's aptitude for lapsing into banality, and its energy—magnificently displayed in the second theme of the Finale, which has quite a heroic ring—is exerted in the realm of happy, sunlit things. There is not a dull page in it and this performance, as well as being a thoroughly musicianly one, exactly catches the spirit of the work. Moreover, the recording achieves the nice balance required by a trio.

That Grieg was apt to be less successful in the larger musical forms is a commonplace of criticism; but the *'Cello Sonata*, in spite of some feeble moments, does, I think, show that he could be consistently interesting on a biggish scale. Not only is the quality of the workmanship exceptionally good, as one would expect it to be, but the individual beauty of the themes, and the combination of lyric with rhetorical passages, raise the whole work high above the merely academic. It should be unnecessary to insist on the excellence of the present issue, which brings together a duet of performers ideally suited to this music.

Mr. Lambert has made a very good job of *Comus*; these adaptations are harder to make than they look if a hotch-potch effect is to be avoided. This one is admirably homogeneous: the note of dignified sprightliness is sustained, with sufficient variety of mood to make the suite acceptable elsewhere than in the theatre. The recording is quite good.

Miss Lympany continues her progress through the Rachmaninoff Preludes—a progress less triumphal than nimble. Thus the *Scherzando* examples (e.g. that in E flat minor) fare better at her hands than the calmer and more lyrical ones. In the F and G flat Preludes she comes into competition with the composer himself; in A flat with Eileen Joyce: in neither case is the comparison to her advantage. Yet the whole series is distinctly a feather in Miss Lympany's cap and will, when completed, be well worth keeping; for these pieces, which have only recently emerged, in the public ear, from the tyranny of the first of them (the notorious C sharp minor), are remarkable, within a small range, for charm and ingenuity. Yet they are no more truly Preludes than those of Debussy: they do not lead to anything beyond themselves. Rachmaninoff's are mood pictures (odious phrase!), Debussy's miniature symphonic poems—a fact clearly discernible in Miss Long's remarkable renderings, which give the pictorial and sensuous images their full value without spoiling the formal frame. This is in every way a memorable set and should add considerably to Miss Long's already solid reputation as an artist of taste and sobriety.

Clifford Curzon plays Schubert's Impromptus with the serious concentration most pianists would reserve for sonatas, and the result is a little lacking in spontaneity, but also noble and original.

The Byrd Mass is music which must be pored over, if it is to yield its secret at this distance of time. Here are no cantilenas, no accompaniment figures, no introductions, no abrupt changes of rhythm, none of the apparatus of dramatic effect built up so elaborately during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: nothing but a transparent tissue of moving parts—as it were the fundamental stuff of all music; and behind this fabric moves a light illumining now this, now that fine-drawn line of the melodic design. Such work is profoundly rewarding; in any case it must not be neglected by anyone who wishes to understand the essential nature of music. We cannot be too grateful to the Fleet Street Choir for the fidelity of their rendering.

The Hogarth Press
announces
for publication on June 9th:
★ **THE DEATH OF THE MOTH** and other essays by Virginia Woolf. 9*s. net*
This is the first volume to be prepared from the extremely rich collection of essays, sketches and stories which had not yet been published in book form at the time of Mrs. Woolf's death. Many of them have never been printed before in any form. *Recommended by The Book Society.*
★ **FROM THIRTY YEARS WITH FREUD** by Theodor Reik. 12*s.* 6*d. net*
Dr. Reik, the author of *Ritual* and *The Unknown Murderer*, gives a fascinating account of his long collaboration with the founder of psycho-analysis.
International Library, No. 32

The Battle for Freedom
THÉRÈSE BONNEY
With an Introduction by Michael Foot
A PHOTOGRAPHIC record of what the war has done, and is doing, to the small people. The author was commissioned to take these pictures by the Carnegie Corporation, and they will ultimately be deposited in the Library of Congress at Washington. She was in Belgium when the Germans invaded it in May, 1940, accompanied the vast army of refugees that streamed along the roads of Belgium and Northern France as the Allies were pressed back, visited England in time to record the Blitz, and then returned once more to Unoccupied France and Spain. Everywhere she went she took photographs, and the hundred or so included in this book are chosen to speak of the misery and grim betrayal that has befallen the defeated peoples. **7s 6d net**
B. T. Batsford Ltd.
15, *North Audley St., London, W.*1

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A survey of the problems facing the engineering industry in the drive for increased production, and practical suggestions for their solution, by a worker who knows the engineering industry from the inside.
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ALTERNATIVE TO CHAOS
This thought-stimulating book not only outlines a plan for the World of To-morrow, but tells you, in simple terms, just what part you can and should play. Contents: Fit Punishment—The World's Choice and Danger—The United Universe—The Peaceful Sword—Automatically Applied Principles—The Right to Live—Population Control—Educational Control—Price of Prosperity—Commonsense World Economy.
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WINNING THE PEACE
Great as is the task of waging and winning the War, the task of effecting a really satisfactory and lasting Peace will be as great, if not greater. In this book are offered suggestions which it is hoped will prove fruitful. The solution of post-war difficulties is beyond the power of any one man or nation. It can only be arrived at by the co-operation of all.
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Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's settings of Hebridean folk-songs are too famous to need comment. Of those here recorded " The Wild Swan " and " Neill Fisher's Love Song " appear to me especially moving. The singer was well chosen for the purpose and the accompaniment is beautifully done.

Before delivering a paean in praise of Madam Slobodskaya's album, I think it only fair to warn readers that I was intimately associated with the recording of these songs, as also with their choice, and must therefore be regarded as a prejudiced witness. This declaration leaves me free to say that I cannot imagine the songs more beautifully sung—with greater roundness of tone or subtlety of phrasing, or accompanied with greater discretion and understanding. The album includes four songs by Tchaikovsky: " Was I Not Wise Like a Tender Blade of Grass ? " and " Had I But Known," both from op. 47 ; " So Soon Forgotten ! " and " The Golden Cornfields "—the last, at any rate, little known in this country, although one of the composer's most beautiful and characteristic songs ; Rachmaninoff's " The Lilac " and " How Fair This Spot ! " ; and four masterly *Lieder* by that excellent but neglected composer, Taneiev. If it be objected that these songs are too uniformly nostalgic in character, the answer is, I think, that the history of Russian music, with few and in this case unsuitable exceptions, all falls within the romantic period. Tchaikovsky is the king pin, and I think it unlikely that English listeners as a whole will ever have had the essence of his musical personality as perfectly interpreted as it is by Madame Slobodskaya. Though primarily an opera singer, this astonishing artist has known how to limit the range of her tremendous voice to the requirements both of the gramophone and of the songs themselves.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 643

Set by Roger Marvell

A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for 16 lines in the manner of Pope on the subject of the air raid upon Bath.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, June 8th.
2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 640

Set by Raymond Mortimer

A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for Five Commandments, in not more than 16 lines of verse, addressed to a young portrait painter who wishes to earn at least £20,000 a year.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

A surprising number of competitors innocently suppose that a gift for flattery in paint is enough to bring in the shekels. In fact, scores of painters can produce objects indistinguishable from the works of Mr. X without gaining a hundredth of his income. My own five commandments would include not only the making of flattering likenesses, but speed (which not only increases the number of cheques but pleases the busy client), amusing conversation (to make sitting a pleasure), good golf, bridge and shooting (to make the painter a welcome guest) and a tactful, well-connected wife. Lampilon gets the last of these:

Thou shalt not wed for cash or influence !
  (But may'st recall that, while a common girl
Can have both beauty and intelligence,
  Romance surrounds the daughter of an earl).

But speed, conversation and games have been oddly neglected. William Bliss sums up the usual attitude:

Lastly—and this is really all the trick—
Be superficial, sly, suave, servile, slick ;
You can't put paint, or flattery, on too thick.

Jan Britton puns pleasantly—" And live, R. A.'d, like Solomon, in glory." And Sir Robert Witt improves on this advice:

First refuse the R.A., then accept, then resign,
Re-elected, decline to be hung on the line,
At last yield—" for my sitters' sake, never for mine."

Towanbucket's advice seems to me neat but dubious:

Then, manliness achieved, for manners aim :
Let calculated rudeness be your game :
Be gruff, as one who likes to wipe the floor
With women : they'll commission you the more.

Stanley Sharpless and Sir Robert Witt were headed for third place by E. D., who begins excellently:

No other god but Sargent shall be thine,
Thou shalt not bow before the modern shrine,
But make thy work with Laszlo lustre shine.

Constance Sewell deserves the second prize for her awareness, though her commandments rather overlap. First prize to Little Billee.

FIRST PRIZE

Thou shalt be diligent—in brushwork slickery,
In painter's tricks that hide all trace of trickery,
And (*not* spot-lighted) in some spittle-lickery.

Thou shalt make beauty—to sourface add a twinkle,
Use latest wrinkle to remove a wrinkle,
Old mottled cheeks with May-day charm besprinkle.

Let thy light shine—so why not try to squeeze a
Few " Problem Portraits " out—some public-teaser
That shall be called a " modern Mona Lisa."

The hungry thou shalt feed—Academicians,
Critics, Art patrons, folk in high positions.
(Dinners are often followed by commissions.)

The naked thou shalt clothe—No nudes ! It's fitter
To hide weak drawing beneath the dash and glitter
Of uniforms, silk, jewels, the costly litter
That indicates the standing of thy sitter.

" LITTLE BILLEE "

SECOND PRIZE

First, knowing that her forebears picked on Lely, Hoppner, Greuze
You'll be lyric with her hair-set and romanticise her furs,
With a little application you can make us almost smell
The pink matt-textured powder and the perfume from Chanel.
Tradition moving forward, " Esquire " sways his taste in art.
He knows Wyndham Lewis angles are considered rather smart,
But go easy with the structure when you paint his little girl,
And be content to sharpen up a ribbon or a curl.
Third, ladies educated by " Vogue " and by Roedean,
Have seen things by Laurencin, by Gauguin and Lépine,
So derive from such your colour, grey from Manet, black Renoir—
As long as it looks pretty and doesn't go too far.
Talk of *Stimmung*, Trend, Construction, though this will be in vain
Without the fifth commandment which is to entertain.
Fill with columnists and magnates your Marcel Breuer chairs
To build your personality and buy your sordid wares.

CONSTANCE SEWELL

Company Meeting

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE

THE annual general meeting of the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office will be held on June 3rd in London.

Following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, Hugh E. Seebohm, J.P.:

Since the close of 1941 two of our Directors have decided to retire because of advancing years.

Robert H. Marsh had been a member of the Friends' Provident Board for 37 years. He had been for many years Deputy Chairman. Sir Harold J. Stiles, F.R.C.S., was of valued assistance on the Century Board.

Resolutions will be proposed which will add to the board of the Friends' Provident four members of the board of the Century. The meeting of the Century added to the Century's directorate the members of the Friends' Provident Board who were not directors of the Century.

In the presentation of the report and accounts of the Century this year, we have consolidated the accounts in respect of fire, accident and marine business of the Century with those of subsidiary undertakings.

The volume of new life assurances (£1,956,000) is still below the pre-war volume. We enjoyed an increase of £562,000 on 1940.

In 1941 we invested in new British Government issues £952,000. Our gross rate of interest recovered from £4 9s. 5d. to £4 13s. per cent. The rise in our net rate of £3 19s. 10d. compared with £3 4s. 1d. per cent.

The premiums in each of the fire, accident and marine departments totalled £1,633,000.

The total profits of the Century Insurance Company amounted to £73,550. The sum of £30,000 net has been utilised for a dividend on Century shares, and the balance of £43,550 has been added to the sum carried forward, making £238,157.

PARKE-DAVIS SHAVING CREAM

Whether you use a "cut-throat" or a "safety," you can't do better than stick to Parke-Davis, the shaving cream that both softens the beard *and* protects the skin. Your chemist sells large tubes, 1s. 10d, (*including Purchase Tax*).

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Phensic quickly relieves pain—no matter whether it is acute, such as a frontal headache, or a dull wearying pain like neuritis. As your pain disappears you feel better than ever. There is no finer tonic than Phensic, the quickest, safest painkiller! *Don't blame your chemist if he is out of stock—but buy Phensic when you can.* 3½d, 1/4, 3/3 *including Purchase Tax.*

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40 of the F.A.U. will shortly be at work in

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helping to build up medical services in the outlying villages.

A generous contribution from the Emperor has made possible the first stage of the work, but its maintenance and expansion will depend upon support from friends of Ethiopia here.

Will you send your contribution to the Ethiopia Secretary,

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Barneys (medium), Punchbowle (full), Parsons Pleasure (mild), 1 oz. 2/5d.

Entertainments

CONCERT, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Sat., June 6th, 2.30. Dumky Trio (Dvorak), Rhapsody (Brahms), 1st Perf. Fantasy Quartet, Leider, etc. Full details & tickets (3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d.) from YOUTH SERVICE LEAGUE, 47 Argyle Sq., W.C.1. Ter. 3910.

N.C.L. "Help For Russia" Fund. International Concert, Porchester Hall, W.2. Saturday, May 30th, 1942. 7.15 p.m. Choirs and Soloists from Czechoslovakia, Austria, Poland, Germany and Spain. Tickets, 2s. 6d. Reserved. 1s. 6d. Unreserved.

Lectures, Meetings and Exhibitions

ANGLO-SOVIET Public Relations Association's lectures on June 10th, 17th, 24th, 5.30, at the Royal Institution, Albemarle St., W.1. Maurice Dobb "Soviet Planning," Dr. A. P. M. Fleming "Engineering in the Soviet Union," Sir John Russell "Russia's Changing Farms and Farmers." June 30th, July 7th, 14th, 21st, 5.30, at London School of Hygiene, Keppel St., W.C.1., Capt. Hugh Slater, Sir John Maynard, J. McFadyen, Prof. Minorsky. Tickets (4s. 6d. for first 3, 5s. 6d. for last 4, single lectures, 2s.) from A.S.P.R.A., 30 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2. TEM. 8365.

10 UNIVERSITY of London extension lectures on "The Development of Mind." by C. A. Mace, M.A., D.Lit., will begin at 2 p.m. on Saturday, June 6th, at the Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency, 37 Manchester St., W.1. Welbeck 6037. Fee 17s. 6d., please apply early. See issue May 16th.

FEDERAL Union. "A Minimum Programme for a Free Order," Senor Salvador de Madariaga, at Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. June 6, at 2.30 p.m. Admission free.

DEBATE. "Anarchism v. Socialism," W. GAPE (Anarchist Fed.). S. CASH, Socialist Party of G.B. Conway Hall, W.C. 7.30 p.m. Sunday, May 31. Admission Free.

"BUDDHISM and the Post-war World."—You are cordially invited to attend the Festival of Wesak on May 29th at St. Ermin's Hotel, S.W.1, at 7.30 p.m.

ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, W.2. May 31st, at 11.30, A. D. HOWELL SMITH: "Values and the Cosmos."

BRAINS Trust Meeting. Permanent Peace after the War, and the future of the League of Nations. Philip Noel-Baker, M.P., Major Victor Cazalet, M.P., Miss Kathleen Courtney, Mrs. Dugdale. Question Master: the Rev. W. E. Sangster. Central Hall, Westminster. Friday, June 5th, 7 p.m. Admission free.

THE Religion of Life. Series of Lectures on successive Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock, by the REV. E. A. SUTTON, M.A., B.D. (Principal of the New Church College). Titles: May 31st, "Providence"; June 7th, "The Future of Society." Swedenborg Hall, Barter St. (off Bloomsbury Way), London, W.C.1 (4 mins. from Holborn Tube Stn.). Admission free, no collection.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Sunday Meetings, 11 a.m. May 31st. Dr. R. H. Thouless: "Straight Thinking in War Time."

RECONSTRUCTION: Post War Homes. B.I.A.E. Exhibition. St. Martin's Art School, Charing Cross Road. Weekdays 11–7.

"WILL Vengeance or Retribution Give Us Peace?" Lunch-hour address, T. EDMUND HARVEY, M.P., Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Tuesday, June 2, 1.20 to 2 p.m. Arranged by Friends Peace Committee.

THE Berkeley Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Chinese sculpture and paintings. 10–5. Saturdays 10–1

Appointments Vacant and Wanted

None of the vacancies for women advertised in these columns relates to a woman between 18 and 31 unless such a woman (a) has living with her a child of hers under the age of 14, or (b) is registered under the Blind Persons Acts, or (c) has a Ministry of Labour permit to allow her to obtain employment by individual effort.

BRITISH Broadcasting Corporation. Applications are invited from women for the war-time posts of English Monitors. Candidates need not be of British nationality. Monitoring consists of listening to foreign news broadcasts in English and writing a full report of the contents. The work is carried out in the country approximately 100 miles from London, and is on a shift basis, entailing a certain proportion of night work.

Candidates who must not be liable for National Service must have wide general knowledge, sound political sense, good command of the English language and perfect hearing. Typewriting is essential.

The salary, which is in a grade rising to a maximum of £6 per week, will be according to age, and will not be above £5 5s. per week on appointment. There is in addition a cost of living bonus of 5s. per week and a typing bonus of £20 per annum.

Applications marked "Monitoring" must be made on a form which will be sent by the Recruitment Director, Broadcasting House, London, W.1., on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope. Completed forms must be received by June 12. Candidates who have applied previously for positions in the Monitoring Service need not re-apply.

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL. Bingley Training College. Applications from women are invited for the following new appointments:—(a) Cook-caterer; salary £200–£225 according to experience, with board-residence, etc., plus bonus. (b) Storekeeper; salary £150–£10–£200 with board-residence, etc., plus bonus. Both posts are subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Forms of application and further particulars from the EDUCATION OFFICER, County Hall, Wakefield, Yorkshire. Last date for applications 15th June.

ORGANISER for Adult Education work among workers in Civil Defence, Munitions, Agriculture and Youth Education Scheme in West Midlands. Appointment in the first place for six months only, at rate of £300 p.a. Preference to applicants with experience of W.E.A. work. Work may be split into two part-time appointments; one for war workers and other for youth work. Applicants should be exempt from military service. Application forms obtainable from E. J. STUDD, W. Midland District Secretary, W.E.A., University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, returnable June 10th latest.

TOWN PLANNING. Organiser wanted, with genuine interest as well as experience, for public educational work in reconstruction issues. Write, giving age, service position and salary to P.R., T. & C.P. ASSOCIATION, 13 Suffolk St., S.W.1.

MARRIED Couple and two Women Helpers urgently required at Country Hostels for aged and able-bodied people in Norfolk. Wages £2 and 25s. respectively, with board and lodging. C.O.'s acceptable. Apply Rural District Council, 12 The Close, Norwich.

MOTHER'S Help or Young Girl wanted (Refugee welcome). Children 12 and 8 years. Baby expected June. Cleaning done by daily. Post exempts from call-up. DR. EDELSTON, The Homestead, Nidd, nr. Harrogate.

WOMAN, active, fond of children, to assist mother. 3 children, small home, Berks. Cook employed. Good wages. Refugee might find suitable. Box A74.

LADY-HELP or working housekeeper wanted. Small mod. house, Enfield, Mdx. 2, sometimes 3, grown-ups. Help pos. Mrs. ROBEY, Avondale Hotel, Tavistock Place, W.C.1.

ITALIAN and Piano Improvisation for dancing classes. Lady required for Girl's School, autumn term. State subsidiary subjects offered. Box A50.

COMPANION-HELP required by middle-aged widow. Bungalow country, 40 miles London. Small salary but good home offered. Box A66.

MARRIED couple wanted (cook and handyman) modernised farmhouse Anglesey; maid kept; good salary; safe area; electricity; farm produce; comfortable, happy home. Box A73.

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216

Entered as second class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by The Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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JUL 3 1942

THE NEW
STATESMAN
AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIII. No. 589 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1942 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . . Page 361
TO-MORROW'S KEY TO POWER . . 363
THE LABOUR CONFERENCE AND AFTER. By Harold J. Laski 363
HEATED PEOPLE. By Mass-Observation . 364
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic . . 365
THIS ENGLAND 366
FOR THOSE ASHORE. By C. W. Balchin . 366
THE CREDULOUS PHYSICIAN . . . 367
THE MELODRAMA. By Edward Sackville West 368
PLAYS AND PICTURES 368
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . 368
DEAD AND ALIVE. By Sagittarius . . 368
CORRESPONDENCE 369
From Socialist; Rose Macaulay; John Murray; Margaret Penn; and others.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . 371
REVIEWS: Page
Pilots. By Raymond Mortimer . . 371
The Perfect Secretary. By Harold J. Laski 372
Total Negligence. By James Pope-Hennessy 373
A Scottish Surgeon. By Harry Roberts 373
New Novels. By Henry Sturgess . 374
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS . . . 375

COAL AND THE NATION

THE White Paper on the re-organisation of the coal industry is another reminder that the substance of power in this country still belongs to the great vested interests which are defended by the majority of the House of Commons. During this war not a single key of power has been surrendered by monopoly capitalism or the 1922 Committee. Coal is the test case; for a generation the private ownership of one of our basic national resources has hampered economic progress, embittered class relations and cost the nation hundreds of millions of pounds in lock-outs, strikes and inefficiency. To-day, in the middle of a great war, the technical reasons for the State taking over the mines were more obvious than ever before. Even so this bastion of Conservatism could only have been captured if the Labour Party, the miners, and the non-Conservative members of the Cabinet had been prepared to resist anything less than nationalisation. As it is, a very unsatisfactory compromise has been arranged. Efforts will be made to appease the miners by a wage increase for which a subsidy will be necessary. The mine owners have little reason to trouble since they are to maintain ownership of mines during the war and since they intend that the management will revert to their hands after the war. Dr. Dalton and those who have demanded fuel-rationing and re-organisation will be in a position to say that some progress has been made; the State has taken over not the mines, but the actual management of the mines for the period of the war. They will urge that they have taken a step in the direction of technical efficiency, which should improve the position for the battle over nationalisation which is inevitable when the war comes to an end.

Full nationalisation could only have been accomplished given a united determination by the miners and the Labour Party. There was at least reason to hope for a scheme by which the nation would fully take over the mines for the duration, and which promised a scheme of public ownership after the war. As it is Major Lloyd George is appointed Minister of Fuel, Light and Power; Mr. Tom Smith and Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd are his Parliamentary Secretaries. Under the Minister will be a Controller-General and Regional Controllers for the six mining regions. They have powers to shut uneconomic mines, to concentrate on productive seams, and to move miners from one area to another. The Government has had those powers ever since the beginning of the war, and, in fact, occasionally uses them. The principal change which the miners anticipate from this scheme is that the Essential Works Order will be regularly applied. In so far as the Controllers exercise these powers to the detriment of the interests of the owners, they will be fully compensated for any uneconomic use of their mines during the war, and they are to receive not a guaranteed minimum, but the profits of the particular mines they own. The efficiency of such a scheme must largely depend not on the National and Regional Boards which are purely advisory, but on the personnel selected for the position of controllers. Capable organisers may do much to cut out some of the causes of present inefficiency.

The most seriou defect of the whole reorganisation scheme from the point of view of war efficiency is that the owners will continue to assume that the mines will revert to their hands after the war, while the miners will continue rightly to protest at working for the private profit of the coal owners. Thus, there is nothing in the scheme to remove the principal psychological inhibitions to production; in so far as the mine-owners still retain influence, which we presume will still be considerable, it will be biased by considerations of post-war interest, while little will have been done to lessen the present tendency towards absenteeism and slowing-up of work. We hoped at least to get from this battle an assurance which would enable Sir Stafford Cripps and others whose names mean much to the miners, to tour the coalfields and to inspire the men to produce for the public and not for private gain. What will be the miners' response to the bland statement that "it is not intended . . . to introduce any fundamental alteration in the financial structure of the industry"?

As an answer to the White Paper there appears a summary of a great rationing scheme on the lines prepared by Sir William Beveridge. A few weeks ago Sir Stafford Cripps stated that fuel rationing must in the interests of the war effort, begin not later than June 1st, and Dr. Dalton's whole case for rationing was based on the assumption of its urgent necessity. It is odd now to read the statement that "the Government have decided that it is not essential that the scheme should be introduced forthwith." Presumably, if there is widespread trouble next winter owing to fuel shortage the Beveridge scheme, designed to avoid shortage and unequal distribution by drastic rationing during the summer months, will be introduced—with a reminder, we hope, that it was the members of the 1922 Committee who could not face the winter without central heating.

The Three Fronts

To send a force of over a thousand bombers over Western Germany twice within 48 hours was an unprecedented feat of organisation. New tactics were used, for the raid over Cologne was confined to 90 minutes, and the ceaseless procession of bombers, each of which flew as rapidly as possible over the doomed city, may have confused or demoralised its defenders. But with this technique, accuracy of aim must have been sacrificed to indiscriminate bombardment. The raid appears to have been more devastating in its effect than any inflicted by German raiders in this country. Mr. Churchill addressed a grim warning to the German workers of the wrath to come. If he thinks them more cowardly than our own men, who can "take it," we believe he is mistaken. But if he reckons that they are less ready to defend Hitler's dictatorship than ours are to defend this democracy, why does he refuse to address to them anything better than a menace? They will not revolt, so long as they believe that it is the purpose of the United Nations to make life for them and their children unendurable to self-respecting men. Our casualties, under 4 per cent. in each raid, were relatively light, but taken in their cumulative effect they set some limit to efforts on this scale. That Himmler has been chosen to take over the A.R.P. services may indicate some disorganisation and possibly